The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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Rev J C Bucher L M M

THE MESSENGER.

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Poetry.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

Rest him, O Father! Thou didst send him forth
With great and gracious messages of love;
But Thine ambassador is weary now,
Worn with the weight of his high embassy.
Now care for him as Thou hast cared for us
In sending him, and cause him to lie down
In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams of peace.
Let thy left hand be now beneath his head,
And Thine upholding right encircle him,
And, underneath, the Everlasting arms
Be felt in full support. So let him rest,
Hushed like a little child, without one care;
And so give Thy beloved sleep to-night.

Rest him, dear Master! He hath poured for us
The wine of joy, and we have been refreshed.
Now fill *his* chalice, give him [illegible]
Of life and love, with Thy own hand; be Thou
His ministrant to-night; draw very near
In all Thy tenderness and all Thy power.
O speak to him! Thou knowest how to speak
A word in season to Thy weary ones,
And he is weary now. Thou lovest him:
Let Thy disciple lean upon Thy breast.
And, leaning, gain new strength to "rise and shine."

Rest him, O loving Spirit! Let Thy calm
Fall on his soul to-night. O holy Dove,
Spread Thy bright wing above him, let him rest
Beneath its shadow; let him know afresh
The infinite truth and might of Thy dear Name—
"Our Comforter!" As gentle touch will stay
The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,
So lay Thy hand upon his heart, and still
Each overstraining throb, each pulsing pain,
Then, in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,
And let Thy holy music overflow
With soothing power his listening, resting soul.

—*Havergal.*

Theology and Criticism.

For The Messenger.

UNWILLING WITNESSES.

To the truth and strength of the Christian religion, many of its enemies have, in past ages borne witness against their will. The same thing is occurring in modern times. The enemies of the Gospel, by their antagonism witness to the fact, that Jesus Christ is not dead but liveth, and that He lives in the spiritual communion of His people.

Christianity has never by the best men among unbelievers, been dealt with as though it were a figment of the brain, or a mere invention of designing men, or but a cipher among the events of human history. We do not mean to say, that her enemies have not denied the historical fact that Jesus Christ lived, and taught, and died, and rose again, as narrated in the books of the New Testament. Nor do we mean that infidels have not pronounced the Gospel a pure invention, and the Christian faith an imposture. That and much more they have said. We mean, that unbelievers do not deal with Christ, and with holy Scripture, and with the Christian Church, as if these things were merely figments of the brain. They say one thing in words, but they imply a different thing by their deeds. In words they say that Christianity is not true; it has neither strength nor reality; but by the manner in which they assail the Church and the Bible, they concede the contrary. They concede the fact that Christianity has existed in the world for nineteen centuries. They concede that the Bible possesses commanding authority, and the Church possesses matchless power.

The enemies of the Gospel must and do admit, that there is a Book called the Bible. It is a living Book. It is published in nearly all languages. All classes of society read it and study it. All classes delight in it, from the king on his throne to the peasant in his hovel. The Bible, moreover, commands the patient research and profoundest studies of the strongest minds. The best scholarship, and the most extensive learning, deem this book worthy of attention and labor. In both the modern and ancient languages of the world, no literature is more learned, more various, and more rich and extensive than Biblical literature.

This fact, that the Bible is a living and powerful book, is conceded by all who know whereof they speak. No class of men concede it more certainly than its enemies. They concede the fact by their opposition. Were the Bible a dead book; did it not at the present time command the respect and confidence of millions; did the truths which it teaches not live in the hearts of modern nations and modern civilization, infidels would not attack it, much less would they lay out much intellectual strength in the endeavor to destroy it. Were the faith of the New Testament a dead faith, like belief in the myths of Homer's Iliad; did this faith not exercise greater moral and spiritual power than the myths of the ancient Greeks, the infidels of our times would pay no more respect to the one than the other. No one delivers a course of lectures or writes a learned volume to disprove the existence or overthrow the dominion of Jupiter. Jupiter and the other gods are harmless fancies, by which no one in our day is in danger of being deluded. Not so the myths of the Bible, as they pretend to call them. While they call the facts they pronounce them absurd, but respect them as if they were rational. They ridicule them as weak, yet honor the Christian faith as a foe worthy of their best steel.

There is a remarkable contrast between the attitude of unbelievers towards holy Scripture on the one side, and on the other towards the sacred books of every other religion. They disbelieve and reject all alike. In the gods of the Hindoos, or in Allah of Mahomet, they confessedly have no more faith than than they profess to have in Jesus Christ. Yet they expend no strength against the Koran or the Vedas. Such literature, held sacred by millions of pagans and Mohammedans, does not provoke their hostility, nor call forth any labored antagonism. On the contrary, the enemies of the Gospel sometimes even apologize for the religious beliefs of pagans, and compare their worship and their manners favorably with the worship and morality of Christians. Some go further. They quote passages from the sacred books of pagan nations with seeming approval, if not with commendation. And this is done, notwithstanding the fact that they have no more confidence in the Divine authority of the Koran or the Vedas than they profess to have in the books of the Old and the New Testament. Why? Why have infidels never assailed the myths of paganism with that earnestness and strength with which they antagonize the doctrines of the Bible? Evidently because pagan myths have no power to command assent. Myths were harmless things in the age of Lucian and Porphyry as they are now. As now so there was then no danger that all ranks and classes of men would receive them and confide in them as positive verities.

But the estimate put upon the doctrines of the Bible by its opposers is totally different. Here evidently, in their judgment, there is danger—danger that men, from the lowest to the highest, from the most illiterate to the most learned may receive and confide in the religion of Jesus Christ. What they affect to call Christian myths, they concede, have them moral and spiritual power, power enough to command assent, to rule the conscience, and inspire the devotion of the truest and most intelligent men of our own as of every previous age since the Christian era. Hence their opposition. Hence they muster all their resources, and organize all their strength in order to withstand Christian doctrine. Science and philosophy, logic and learning, combine all their energies to resist its progress. Again we ask why? If holy Scripture has no more authority than the Koran; if the life of Jesus Christ recorded in the Gospels is no more worthy of belief than the legendary tales respecting Mahomet, why such a difference in the attitude of infidels? Why so negligent of the one, and so zealous in antagonizing the other? Evidently because there is moral and spiritual strength in the teaching of the Bible incomparably superior to the legends, and precepts, and promises of the Koran.

In spite of their purpose to the contrary, the enemies of the Gospel virtually draw a broad line of distinction between Jesus Christ and every other religious teacher, between the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament and the sacred books of all other religions, between the faith of Christianity and all other religious beliefs, between the Christian Church and all non-Christian institutions. Whilst they may in words denounce all alike to be superstitious, they witness by their conduct that the one inspires confidence, whilst the others awaken distrust; that the one attracts and binds the most enlightened classes of society, whilst the others repel them; that the one is strong and exerts a commanding influence whenever and wherever Christ is preached in demonstration of the Spirit, whilst the others are weak and fall to the ground by their own weakness.

E. V. G.

For the Messenger.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

The footprints of our Lord are plain. True believers can readily discern them. To worldlings they are hidden. They are revealed only in His word, and pointed out by His Spirit; and who but [illegible] any just knowledge of [illegible] influence upon the soul,—as clear as [illegible] wisdom, and power and love in nature?

It has been urged by some, that "we cannot follow Him in all things." Who will dispute this? Why so absurd an utterance? Men are so constituted, that they cannot perfectly imitate one another. How then, "in all things," pattern after the Son of God? We cannot do just what He did, any more than we can be just what He was. Attempting to follow Him in this way would be equivalent to our seeking the same glorious relationship with the Father and Spirit.

But, then, we can follow Christ. His life is before us as spiritual. As such, we are to walk squarely and consistently in His steps. When He fed the five thousand—and made the lame to walk and the dead to live—He did spiritual things. The carnal advantages derived from His contact with men, are not worth naming in this connection. He simply did spiritual things. Otherwise His word would not have cleansed their bodies and reached our hearts. All His acts were spiritual. It was not blindness, and leprosy, and fevers alone, but also devils that fled often, perhaps, in one deformed and horrible mass—at His voice. And to this day His acts have their counterpart in the work of the Church, and of His servants.

When Christ was in the world as to His body, both spirit and flesh yielded to His power. Now, that He is in the world only as to His Spirit, He addresses Himself solely to the souls of men, and in this way, He accomplishes as much for humanity. For, when the clouds of despondency and disease are lifted from the people, faith and a complete acquiescence in the Divine, will bury and hide away forever the infirmities of their natures.

Nay, more! By following Christ, according to the believer's interpretation of the duty, we can even do mightier works than He did. Not so in the view of the world, but before a holier and higher wisdom. For every experimental Christian knows, that man is a chosen and all potent means for the display of God's miraculous power among men throughout the generations; and, also that through human instrumentalities Christ does, in these times, during periods of forty, fifty and sixty years, as truly wonderful things, as were accomplished during His ministry of three brief years in Judea. Note His words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater *works* than these shall he do; because I go to My Father."—John xiv. 12.

To follow Christ, then, is easy—yea, an unspeakable pleasure—if we have the mind of Christ—the wisdom of His Spirit. Man's mind, in the premises, is only a snare—a decoy of the devil. Let us, then, hear no more twaddle about man's inability to follow Christ "in all things." The world need be taught nothing of the kind. It is already big with such conceit. Especially should Pharisaical defenders (?) of the Truth—such as draw their artillery from their own storehouses, and not from the arsenal of God—let it alone.

J. SAML. V.

Communications.

DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

MISSIONS ON THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

Two years ago the Rev. John Gantenbein was commissioned to go as missionary to the North Pacific coast. He went with his family and settled at Portland, Oregon, where there were Reformed people but no Reformed Church. His travelling expenses were paid by the brethren in the east, and since then he has been in part supported by the Board of Missions. His labors have not been in vain. He has succeeded in organizing a congregation and in laying a good foundation. The new church at present is nearly finished. It cost only about $3,500, and yet, we are told, that it is "a model of architectural symmetry, of ecclesiastical taste and chasteness, loved and praised by its friends, and admired by its adversaries." Judging from the plan which was [illegible] rooms in the rear of the main building are finished, and were to be occupied by the Sunday and week-day schools during the present month. Public services on Sabbath must be held in one of these school-rooms for the present. It is expected to have the church completed and consecrated by the last Sunday in September, which will be the fourth anniversary of the organization of the church. These facts must prove to be interesting to those friends of missions in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, who contributed so freely some time ago for the erection of this building. Within a year or so two other German missionaries have joined the Rev. Gantenbein in his large and interesting field. Pastor Muelhaupt has commenced missionary work in the Tualatin Valley, and expects soon to organize a congregation at Salem and other places, about twenty miles south of Portland. The Rev. Machtersheim is at present supporting himself by teaching at Walla Walla, Washington Territory, but expects soon to engage in the work of organizing congregations and building up the kingdom of Christ among the foreign Germans, who are settling in that part of the country in rapidly increasing numbers. These emigrants from the fatherland are now doing what our own German forefathers did long ago, when they left their fatherland along the Rhine and sought homes for themselves and their families in this new world, still a wilderness. Like them they now need ministers and help to support them until the wilderness blooms and blossoms as the rose around them, and they become able to provide for themselves the means of grace. We apprehend it will not be long before they will be in a condition to do this. The country is being settled rapidly. It would be interesting to speak of its progress, of its rich harvests, its navigable streams, of its lumber and rich coal mines, of its fine railroad, the North Pacific, more than a hundred miles already in operation, and other things, but time does not permit. No more promising field for missionary effort could be presented to our Church. Let us go in, and, with the Divine help, as one of the tribes, take possession of our part of the goodly land. The three missionaries there will soon form a Classis. Let us try to increase their number.

THE VIRGINIA VALLEY.

The Reformed Church in Virginia has not been as prosperous as it has been elsewhere. Its congregations are mostly old, some of them dating back their origin to the early history of the country. They have labored under difficulties of a peculiar character, and much did they suffer from the effects of the late war. They are suffering from this cause still. Some of them have declined, and they find it difficult to support their pastors. It was, therefore, gratifying to learn, that the Virginia Classis held a special meeting some time ago at Woodstock, with the view of arresting this decline, and, if possible, to give a new impulse to their churches. The Middlebrook charge beyond Staunton was no longer able to support a pastor, as it did years ago. It had to be declared a mission for the time being, and in reference to the urgent appeal of Classis, an appropriation was made by the Executive Council. It was small, but the Board is straitened in its resources. It ought to be more. The young brother, Rev. A. J. Whitmore, who has taken charge of broken down congregations, in his native State, as his first field of labor, deserves much credit for the sacrifices he is making in the matter of support. We believe he will succeed. We never heard of a minister that did not succeed, when he fought and prayed on that line.

We feel assured, that the Board of Miss ns will cheerfully co-operate with the Virginia Classis in building up the broken down walls in their midst. There is much land there that is still to be possessed Emigration is pouring into the valley from the North, which carries with it some of our best material from Pennsylvania, Maryland, and something may be expected from this source in rejuvenating the churches. Let, therefore, the waste places be explored, missionary points be established and help will not be withheld to fill them. The Church in this great valley has, no doubt, a future before it. Let us give it our atten-

THE FOREIGN FIELD. JAPAN.

The opinions of the New York *Independent* are frequently not worth much. They are flippantly expressed, and apparently without much study on the part of its editors. But the facts which it gives in its several departments of science, art, antiquities, missions, agriculture, politics and so forth, are as we have found, reliable. Speaking of Missions in a recent number, it says: "China is a less inviting, but not a less important field than Japan. Like India, it is won slowly to Christianity. From Japan the missionaries, somehow, always have good news and cheering prospects to report. They have rarely to speak of a retrograde movement. The officials, the high officers in Japan, have a high regard for the missionaries, and listen with the utmost attention to their explanations of the Scriptures. With such men in high office, it is no wonder, that the story is going the rounds, that the advisers of the Emperor are thinking favorably of giving public notice to the effect, that Christianity may hereafter go without obstruction to any and every part of the empire. In China the spirit of persecution, if not active, is still slumbering, and may break out at any time.

THE SUPERINTENDENCY.

The Superintendent commenced his visitation of the churches in Lancaster county, and then got over into Berks, where he preaches to some of the largest and most attentive congregations in the Reformed Church. The collections might have been larger, but when the past history of these churches is held in mind, most persons would say, they are doing well in giving during these hard times. If all of the eight hundred congregations in the three Synods would respond as liberally to the appeal for immediate relief, so much money would flow into our treasury, that we should hardly know what to do with it. On the fourth Sunday in Epiphany, he preached at the Bern and the Alsace churches, in the charge of Rev. A. S. Leinbach. On the Sunday following he expects to get into Lehigh county, and hopes before the winter ends, to reach Northampton and to gather some fruit there also.

Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.
Emptied that He might fill me
As forth to His service I go;
Broken, that so, unhindered,
His life through me might flow.

Family Reading.

NOT KNOWING.

I know not what will befall me,
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
And thus each step of my onward path,
He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy He sends me,
Comes as a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me,
As I tread on another year;
But the past is in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear;
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside its brink.

It may be He keeps waiting
Till the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh, restful, blissful ignorance!
'T is blessed not to know;
It stills me in those mighty arms
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom which loves me so.

So I go on, not knowing;
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God,
Than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back,
With the whispered words, "He knows."

"THAT'S THEE, JEM!"

A TRUE AND TOUCHING STORY.

The "Prodigal," in the parable of our Lord, was a type of a class, unhappily a large class, of men. How many individuals are or have been prodigals! How many families have to deplore a son or other relative who has been "sent into the fields to feed swine!" I desire to give my readers an illustration of this in a narrative which was made known to me by one of the parties concerned.

I was some few years ago sojourning at a very beautiful and much frequented English watering-place. I met with an earnest Christian tradesman of the town, whose labors in the cause of religion are many and great. Although his occupation was not in selling books, yet he had, in a prominent place in his shop window, an assortment of Bibles, with an illuminated card containing this announcement: "Luther's Sword sold here!" With one of these "swords" that Christian soldier, whom I shall here call by the name of Mr. Carr, fought and won the following battle:

A band or "troupe" of young men, with hands and faces blackened, and dressed in very grotesque costumes, arranged themselves before this gentleman's door one day for an exhibition of their peculiar "performances." These people used to be called "Ethiopian Serenaders." After they had sung some comic and some plaintive melodies, with their own peculiar accompaniments of gestures and grimaces, one of the party, a tall and interesting young man, who had the "look" of one who was beneath his proper station, stepped up to the door, tambourine in hand, to ask for a few "dropping pennies" of the people. Mr. Carr, taking one of the Bibles out of his window addressed the youth:

"See here, young man," he said, "I will give you a shilling and this book besides if you will read a portion of it among your comrades there, and in the hearing of the bystanders."

"Here's a shilling for an easy job!" he chuckled out to his mates; "I'm going to give you a public reading!"

Mr. Carr opened at the 15th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and pointing to the 11th verse requested the young man to commence reading at that verse.

"Now, Jem, speak up!" said one of the party, "and earn your shilling like a man!"

And Jem took the Book and read, "And a certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living."

There was something in the voice of the reader, as well as in the strangeness of the circumstances, that lulled all to silence; while a air of seriousness took possession of the youth, and still further commanded the rapt attention of the crowd.

He read on: "And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."

"That's *thee*, Jem," ejaculated one of his comrades; "it's just what you told me about yourself and your father!"

The reader continued: "And when he had spent all there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want."

"Why, that's *thee* again, Jem!" said the voice. "Go on!"

"And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him."

"That's like us all!" said the voice, once more interrupting; "we're all *beggars*, and might be better than we are! Go on; let's hear what came of it."

And the young man read on, and as he read his voice trembled: "And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father."

At this point he fairly broke down, and could read no more. All were impressed and moved. The whole reality of the past rose up to view, and in the clear story of the Gospel a ray of hope dawned upon him for his future. His father—his father's house—and his mother's too; and the plenty and the love ever bestowed upon him there; and the hired servants, all having enough; and then *himself* his father's *son*, and his present state, his companionships, his habits, his sins, his poverty, his outcast condition, his absurdly questionable mode of living—all these came climbing like an invading force of thoughts and reflections into the citadel of his mind, and fairly overcame him.

That day—that scene—proved the turning-point of that young prodigal's life. He sought the advice of the Christian friend who had thus providentially interposed for his deliverance. Communications were made to his parents, which resulted in a long-lost and dearly-loved child returning to the familiar earthly home; and still better, in his return to his Heavenly Father! He found, as I trust my readers will, how true are the promises of the parable of the "Prodigal Son," both for time and for eternity.

"Yes, there is One who will not chide nor scoff,
But beckons us to homes of heavenly bliss;
Beholds the prodigal a great way off,
And flies to meet him with a father's kiss."

—*Robert Maguire, M. A., in British Workman.*

THE BIBLE AND ITS WORK.

How comes it that this little volume, composed by humble men in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind and on the social system than all other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvelous changes in the opinions of mankind—has banished idol-worship—exalted the condition of women—raised the standard of public morality—created for families that blessed thing, a Christian home—and caused its other triumphs by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the winds and waves of human passion obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried, and failed—many codes of jurisprudence have arisen and run their course and expired. Empire after empire has been launched on the tide of time, and gone down and expired. But this book is still going about doing good, leavening society with its holy principles, cheering the sorrowful with consolation, strengthening the tempted, encouraging the penitent, calming the troubled spirit, and smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God and not of men?—*Dr. McCulloch.*

THE POTTER'S ADVICE.

Jeremiah Cole, a grand-looking old man with silver hair and a long white beard, sat at his potter's wheel. He was a valued hand in the terra-cotta works, for he fashioned the clay skilfully, and his upright conduct made his employers trust him entirely. He was usually assisted by two girls; one turned the wheel, while the other, who was called Ruth, weighed out the prepared clay, and rolled it into a ball ready for use. She stood close to Jeremiah, to be at hand to perform any small services he required.

On this morning the old man was moulding some very graceful vases; it was marvelous to see how deftly he handled the lump of clay, and how soon it came into shape by a few delicate touches. So absorbed was he that no words escaped him save, "Steady, steady, faster, steady," to the girl at the wheel.

"It's done now," he said, as he surveyed his work admiringly. "Take it off the wheel, Ruth, and put it with the others. That makes six finished, so far as I am concerned. Six vases waiting for the oven; they must be tried in the fire to prove them, just like the believer. Thank God, though, that our light afflictions are but for a moment. But what's the matter, Ruth? You've been crying!"

"Never mind," she answered, glancing hurriedly round.

Jeremiah understood that he was to be silent, so he pursued his work until the dinner-bell rang. "Now tell me what ails you, Ruth?" he asked again.

"My heart will break," she sobbed; "my heart will break!"

"Can't I help you, child? If I can't, the Lord can; so we'll ask Him together."

"No, Jeremiah, I won't pray; I'm too sore for that. Father's ill now, as well as mother. God doesn't care for us, or He'd have kept us from so much sorrow."

"Hush! don't speak rashly. The Lord has not forsaken you, but you're rebelling against Him. Didn't you tell me a week ago you had given yourself to God, and meant to serve Him with your whole heart?"

"Perhaps I did; but it was only because I thought God would care for me."

"Sit down a moment, Ruth, and hear me. We've been working together this morning. You've been weighing out the clay, which was *ready prepared*, or it would not make a vase. If I'd put red earth on the wheel it would have blown about everywhere. It was because it came to *you* in a prepared state, and to *me* in the exact quantity I needed for my vase, that I was able to make it. Child, learn your lesson from this. A few days ago you said, 'Dear Lord, train me for Thy service.' Your Heavenly Father is taking you at your word; but you rebel, and do not wish to become a vessel fit for the Master's use. God is our Heavenly Potter. He works in us to will and to do of His own good pleasure, and we must trust Him. He deals with us as we deal with the clay, prepares and polishes us, because He loves us. Those vases yonder are not nearly so beautiful as they will be when they've passed through the fire three times, and birds and flowers adorn them. There are many steps to climb in God's school, and the Great Potter has faithful children, who yield themselves to be fashioned to trust Him best. The Father who spared not an only Son will with Him freely give the best gifts. Go home and ask the Lord to help you to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

Ruth took the old man's advice, and returned to her afternoon work with a bright face. As she put the first lump of clay on to the wheel, she whispered to the potter, "God's will be done."

"Bless Him for that!" answered Jeremiah, reverently.—*Cottager and Artisan.*

A REMARKABLE ECHO.

Our last visit in Milan, writes a correspondent, was to the Villa Simonetti, a huge old palace in a plantation about two miles beyond the city gates, now let out as a tenement-house, and swarming with washerwomen and their broods. You climb toilsomely into the fourth story, and are ushered into a small room facing an angle of the lofty flat wall which surround the court-yard on three sides, the fourth side being open to the level plain beyond. A woman takes up a great trumpet, shaped like a fog-horn, and proceeds to yell, shriek, and grumble through it a succession of sharp and flat notes, and a marvelous echo comes back from the opposite angle, and plays along the sides of the wall, repeating and trilling the sounds, I cannot tell how many times, now in plaintive musical strains, now in singular cadences, now in rollicking, guffawing, exuberant jocularity.

Then the damsel—who lives by the fees that the echo brings her in, like Eliphaz, the Temanite, "filling her stomach with the east wind"—took down an old musket, and loading it with great formality, ceremoniously handed it to your correspondent to fire, but not knowing whether it would kick or burst, the offer was politely declined, and, like another Moll Pitcher or Maid of Saragossa, she fired it out of the window herself against the opposing angle with the most astonishing effect, the discharge echoing and re-echoing, first like the file firing of a company of infantry, then like the applause in a theater, and fainter, until it died away like the ticking of a clock, and expired in a sound like the faint humming of insects. She says it repeated ninety times. She might just as well have made it the even hundred, for I tried to verify her statement by actual count, but had to give it up in despair. One might appropriately call this talking wall a "sermon in stones." It is said to be the most remarkable echo in the world, and I can well believe it.

THE CROSS OF ANTIQUITY.

The *crux ansata* seems to be the form of the cross most common in the pre-Christian times. It was found cut in great blocks of stone in the foundation walls of the labyrinth which surrounded Lake Mœris, and was the significant symbol on the glass statue of Serapis, which was transported by Ptolemy Soter (B. C. 293) from the southern shores of the Black Sea. This same figure, without the crowning circle (like a large capital T), is often seen on Egyptian mummies, sometimes placed upon the frustum of a cone, sometimes resting upon a heart.

In India it meets us in most sacred associations, as in the hands of priests, or as borne by the deity as an emblem of power and authority. It is difficult to examine these representations and not be convinced that the cross is among the most revered symbols in the Indian worship. When we pass beyond the seas the same wonderful and almost omnipresent form meets us in the Western hemisphere. It is of frequent occurrence in Yucatan and Mexico. It is sometimes in stone, sometimes in wood; sometimes in most conspicuous places, as open squares of towns, sometimes in highways, sometimes in by-ways, sometimes in precious stones in the palaces of kings, sometimes in rudest form in dark subterranean vaults. It was now borne by the priest as a part of the insignia of his rank; now it was worn as a sacred amulet to guard the pilgrim or peasant from the danger threatened by hostile spirits.—Among the milder peoples of Peru, or the more savage tribes of Paraguay, it had like wonderful virtues.

CONCEALED.

BY MISS C. B. LEROW.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God."

Hidden with Christ—as the busy brain
Which works unseen
From the hour of birth to the day of death,
Nor rests between.

Hidden with Christ—as the body hides
The beating heart,
Feeling the strong, full, pulsing life
In every part.

Hidden in Christ—as the sap is hid
In the growing tree,
Giving to every leaf and bud
Its symmetry.

Hidden in Christ—as the seed is hid
Under the sod;
So with the lives concealed from men
With Christ in God.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), in a lecture at New Haven, says that the chief consideration in planning the rooms of a house, must, of course, be that of convenience. Anything done in the nominal artistic results, which interferes with this consideration, is wholly bad. The way of building houses so common among us, by which the passer-by can tell the whole interior arrangement by the exterior form, and can count the rooms, and see just how the halls run, and where the doors open, almost as well as though the front were of glass, is not to be commended. In a house there should be something like surprises—doors opening in unexpected places into unlooked-for rooms, leading the visitor to feel that there may yet be surprises in store for him, and that he has not seen the whole house at a glance. Ample space should be given to halls and staircases, though it be taken from the parlors and boudoirs and sitting-rooms. The hall should not be narrow, width being more important than depth, in giving a sense of hospitable welcome to one who enters the house. Hall floors are often decorated prettily with tiles, and may even bear an inlaid inscription of welcome, which would better be in good Saxon, however. Of one gentleman who had the Latin welcome "salve" thus displayed, a rural visitor asked "if the salve was good to cure corns." Above almost everything else, make the staircase easy. The health of the women of the family, as well as the comfort, require this. As to decorations, let the hall be a synoptical introduction to the house. A few books will do much to make one feel that he has penetrated the home when he has crossed the threshold. A picture or two, fitly selected—and if your taste runs that way a few ceramics—are in place in the hall, if so disposed. There seems to be nothing for the ceiling of rooms preferable to plastering. Wooden ceilings absorb too much light, and give but little opportunity for change of decorations. The plaster ornaments of relief which were in vogue a few years ago, are fortunately now disappearing. If any decorations are applied to the ceiling, they in color are the best; but they, as well as the paper-hangings, if such are used, should be modest, lest they destroy the effect of other parts of the room and furniture. Many beautiful and tasteful designs in wall paper are now made; but for the rooms in most of our homes, there is danger that whatever we have in pictures and other room-ornaments, will be out of harmony with anything elaborate in wall decoration. From these and the various other methods used for wall decoration, I fall back on plain tinting, and prefer, too, the neutral tints, that our common furnishing and pictures may fit easily into a subdued and unassuming setting.

The modern tendency to do away with the painting of the woodwork—such as doors, windows, sashes, wainscoting, and the like—is to be commended. In the grain of the wood we have nature, and are reminded, perhaps when the brain is weary and sick, by the twists and turns in the grain, of the processes out in the woods under the open sky, and in the free air by which all these were wrought. How much better the association than the thought of the painter with paper cap on, smelling strongly with varnish, and creeping, cat-like, about the house! Nor is it necessary to have expensive woods. Butternut and chestnut are not much more costly than pine, and pine itself has great advantages for decorative work. With a thin coating of asphaltum, it has a good surface, and by careful selections, shows as good a grain as the most costly woods, while it is the best adapted of all to endure the vicissitudes of our climate. The fireplace is an essential to the house. No other means of ventilation is so good. It is remarkable that a large number of our leading physicians, when inquired of as to the best means of ventilating a hospital, replied almost unanimously, and without conference together—the fireplace. About the fireplace and the mantel gather the pleasantest associations of the room, and here is the place for true home art to be at its best. Most of the fireplaces are built in imitation of either the French (narrow and low, with a flaring jamb) or the English (high, but still narrower well adapted for their use in burning bituminous coal. What we want for our homes is the generous, old-fashioned New England fireplace, and we ought not to import those exotic forms. On the mantel we naturally look, if anywhere in the room, for a vase or two, and perhaps something more pretentious in the way of ceramics. But we ought not to fill our rooms too full of these fragile articles, putting upon our visitors the necessity of great care lest they accidentally break some of our household gods. A cabinet secured firmly to the wall is the proper receptacle for such treasures.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

TREMBLING FAITH.

Consciousness of unbelief is a sign of actual faith. Infidels are never troubled with unbelief. Dead men never feel cold. Frozen feet never ache. And a soul given up to ungodliness and bound hand and foot in sin, has no trouble with unbelief. It is only when faith shoots its first illuminated ray into the darkened heart that the baneful presence of unbelief is made manifest. It is only when the troubled soul can say, "I do believe," that it starts back at the abyss of doubt which that first gleam of faith discloses, and exclaims, "Help Thou mine unbelief."

Useful Hints and Recipes.

Remember that a tablespoonful of black pepper will prevent grey or buff linens from spotting, if stirred into the first water in which they are washed. It will also prevent the colors running, when washing black or colored cambrics, or muslins, and the water is not injured by it, but just as soft as before the pepper was put in.

Gelatine Apples.—Peel and core your apples and cut them in halves; put in a kettle with a pint of water, sugar, sliced lemon, and green ginger, a little whole mace, and six whole clove; boil until they are tender; then remove the apples, and put into the sirup one tablespoonful of gelatine, and allow it to boil down about three minutes, then pour the sirup over the apples.

Cleansing Bedding.—To the subscriber who asked how to wash comfortables without taking out the cotton, I would tell my way. Hang them on the clothes line in a hard rain, turning so as to let both sides have the same shower bath. You will be surprised to see how nice they will look, and how puffy and light the cotton will be. I treat feather beds and pillows in the same way, only have a frame of some kind to spread them out on. It improves the feathers as much as it does the ticking.—*Correspondence Household.*

Miscellaneous.

THE GOLDEN MILESTONE.

Leafless are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral,
Rising silent
In the red sea of the Winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the Affrite in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering firelight;
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,
Social watchfires
Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth lighted logs are glowing,
And like Ariel in the cloven pine tree,
For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside the old man seated,
Seeing ruined cities in ashes,
Asking sadly
Of the past what it can ne'er restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair, with stately stairways,
Asking blindly
Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted,
In whose scenes appear two actors only—
Wife and husband,
And above them God, the spectator.

By the fireside there is peace and comfort;
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Milestone;
Is the central point from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it,
Hears the talking flame, the answering night wind,
As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our room with paintings and with sculptures,
But we can not
Buy with gold the old associations!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

CONSTANTINOPLE.

In view of the stirring events transpiring in the East, caused by the terrible conflict now being waged between the Moslem and the Muscovite, all information, historical, archæological, descriptive or otherwise, of the grand objective point of the Russians, Constantinople cannot but be interesting to the general reader. Beginning at the walls of Constantinople, we would remark that they are in a fearful state of dilapidation, which however adds to the historical interest with which they inspire every visitor. At the "Seven Towers" is the famous "Golden Gate" through which the Emperors of the Lower Greek empire sallied forth to make war upon their northern foes, and into which they returned in triumph after their victories.

The next most interesting portion of the walls is that near the "Cannon" gate, where the last Emperor, Constantine Paleologus, fell when his capital became the property of its conqueror, Mohammed II., 1454, May 20, just 38 years before the discovery of America by Columbus.

The vicinity of this gate is a deep ravine, and here the fatal attack was made which resulted so disastrously to the Greeks. The turret where the Emperor fell and was lost even to his own people, stands prominently at the base of the valley, overgrown with fig trees and evergreen ivy, the sole monuments of so much devoted patriotism and self-sacrifice.

At the northeast extremity of the wall are still in excellent preservation the palaces of the Greek Emperor. Beneath the ruined palaces is the prison wherein so many princes of the great Greek imperial family suffered slow deaths in darkness. Most of them had their eyes put out by hot irons, and some even were deprived of their tongues—the policy of barbarous Christian times.

Beyond the extremity of the Golden Horn there are two streams of fresh water that flow into the Port, near the mouths of which stood a Pagan temple. Above and around the Port is the city of Scutari, formerly known as Chrysopolis, or the Golden City, and just below is that of Cadi Kiery, or Chalcedon, the scene of one of the most interesting of the great ecumenical councils of Christianity.

In the latter city the goddess Proserpine and the god Apollo were worshiped, each in their respective temples, on the sites of which are now the Christian churches, Catholic and Greek, both erected to the Mother of God. Not far from these Jason rested his crew of the Argo before pushing on to the shores of Colchis in search of the golden fleece. Near by is an elevation where once stood the temple dedicated to Apollo, in which the wearied mariners from Greece offered up prayers to this god.

Rowing up the Bosphorus, we pass the hills of Buyukdre, where Godfrey de Bouillion and his army of Crusaders were encamped. Beyond are the heights where once stood a temple to Jupiter Uranus, where the Argonauts stopped to offer up their devotions to the great God of visible nature. Hard by is the scene of the conflict of Pollux with Amycus—"the king of the country"—and in the neighboring heights a giant's grave is shown, where the latter is supposed to be buried. There grew the "crazing laurel," which spread misfortune among the crews of vessels in the remote times of mythology. Beyond is the far-famed Cyerian rocks, on which still stand the remains of a Roman Pagan altar, where sacrifices were offered to the power of Neptune in that portion of his aquatic domain.

On the heights of Roumeli Hissar stands the Robert College, which was founded and endowed by an American, Mr. C. R. Robert, a wealthy merchant of New York, the corner-stone of the same being laid on the 4th of July, 1869. Near its site was an altar erected to the god Mercury, or Hermes, after whom the promontory above was called Mount Hermon. On the summit of this and the opposite hill, on the Asiatic shore, stood two heathen temples, the one erected to Serapis and the other to Jupiter Pluvius. Long after the disappearance of these two monuments of the heathen age, where the present antiquated and useless Turkish castles of Europe and Asia now stand, existed, in the year 1243, two others erected by the sovereigns of the lower Greek empire for the purpose of commanding the narrowest portion of the Bosphorus, which there is not over 500 paces in width. It was here that the conqueror of Constantinople, Mohammed II., passed over his troops from the Asiatic side.

Reverting back to 547 years before the Christian era, when a war of conquest was being waged by Darius, King of Persia, against the Thracians and Sythians, a people occupying a country now called Bulgaria, we find that he passed, at the above period, over this narrow part of the "Thracian Straits," by bridges of boats, an army of 700,000 men. These associations bring before us three distinct periods of the world's and man's history—first, that of the barbarous and idolatrous times of the ancient Greeks, Persians and Scythians; secondly, of the Christianity of the Greeks of the Lower Empire; and thirdly, of the reign of Islamism.

HOW LANGUAGES ARE STUDIED IN RUSSIA.

The Russian method of acquiring foreign languages is more methodical than that of any other nation. In the first place, a foreign nurse, usually English, is secured for the baby. The Russians are very careful in choosing this personage, because, as she is not on any account to breathe into the infant's ears an accent of plebeian Russ, her speech must be free from those colloquialisms which ladies like Sairy Gamp are apt to indulge. When the child is about nine years old foreign playmates are sought for it. During the summer months the children of the English and French residents in Russia are at a premium. It is a regular practice for them to spend their holidays on the estates of Russian nobility. Besides the pleasure which the trip into the interior affords them, they mostly return home laden with presents; and if a boy is sharp enough to be able to add a little grammatical instruction to the practice as "conversationalist," he may pick up enough pocket-money to last the remainder of the twelve months. Lastly, a tutor or governess is engaged for the child until it can converse in a foreign language as freely and faultlessly as a native. Language masters make a fine living in Russia. In spite of their numbers—English teachers may be counted by the hundreds—they charge a high price for their instruction, and are held in great esteem by the Russians who often retain their services for years.—*Baptist Weekly.*

THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

Passing down the right colonnade of St. Peter's the visitor reaches the chief entrance to the Vatican, the Scala Regia, a gigantic and highly adorned staircase leading to the audience hall. After traversing various broad and interlacing passages, one comes into a corridor 2,000 feet long, on the walls of which are set 3,000 busts, covered with ancient inscriptions. This is the famous Lapidarian Gallery. The fragments of pagan origin on the right are confronted on the left with early Christian epitaphs. While wandering through this gloomy corridor to hear the heavy iron doors, near its other end, one can but feel that the striking contrast between the pagan and Christian epitaphs, forms a fit approach to the halls which entomb that vast collection of heathen and Christian literatures, the *Libraria Vaticana*. The scene bursting upon the view as the visitor enters this library is one of ideal splendor. Imagine a grand hall over 200 feet long, divided by seven large ornamented pillars; its walls and high arched ceilings decorated with graceful frescoes and illuminated in gold and brilliant colors; its luminous perspective extended to a junction with two long transverse galleries, each as richly adorned as the main hall—the whole displaying a line of over half a mile of magnificent paintings, while in the recesses are shown collections of costly and royal presents, vases of malachite, porcelain, and alabaster, mosaic tables, cabinets of enamels, carvings in ivory, and numberless other precious objects of art. There is no visible suggestion that these halls are a library. Nowhere is a book to be seen. Yet these galleries hold more than 125,000 books and manuscripts, comprising many of the rarest literary treasures of the world. But all are locked up in gilded and decorated cabinets, and seem to be made as difficult of access as possible. Only one small obscure room is assigned for literary work; and this is open but three hours in a day, and from these days are excluded all the numerous Church festival days. The Vatican Library is a vast tomb of books; the tomb is a splendid one, but its decorations and external beauty by no means compensate for the entombment of the treasures which it shuts up from public use.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

EVERGREENS AND BIRDS.

Few persons who are not in a position to notice it, are aware of what an interesting harbor for a great many varieties of birds, is a cluster of evergreens near a house. They are objects of interest for several reasons, and are frequented by birds at one time of the year for one purpose, and at another time for another; so that they are visited at all times by a number of different birds. In the winter the thick green boughs of balsam fir, Norway spruce and pines, afford an excellent shelter to such birds as stay with us during that inclement season Among these are the common sparrow, song sparrow, ground and tree chippers, snow-birds, and sometimes the lesser redpole of the Northern States. During extreme cold, visit us as far south as the nothern part of New Jersey, and eat the seeds from the cone of such trees. During the breeding season, most birds that build a hanging or bag nest, besides many others, visit those trees to get the gum for sticking the threads of their houses together. While thus engaged gathering the gum, they are so busy that they allow no one to approach very close to them. The trees are also a great resort for birds that make their domicile in the branches, particularly robins and cat-bird. Such trees are kept clear from insects, and afford a fine shade in summer and are very beautiful also in snowy weather, affording a pleasing contrast in color to the pure white snow. A cluster of them near a farm-house or rural home, affords much interest to the family, and to those who are fond of bird life.—*Rural New Yorker.*

CAOUTCHUC MAKING ON THE AMAZON.

Narrow paths lead from the hut through the thick underbrush to the solitary trees of the India rubber trees; and as soon as the dry season allows, the woodman goes into the seringle with a hatchet in order to cut small holes in the bark, or rather the wood of the caoutchouc tree, from which a milky white sap begins to flow through an earthenware spout fastened to the wound. Below is piece of bamboo which is cut into the shape of a bucket. In this way he goes from tree to tree until, upon his return, in order to carry the material more conveniently, he begins to empty the bamboo buckets into a large calabash. The contents of this are poured into one of those great turtle shells which the Amazon are used for every kind purpose. He at once sets to work at the smoking process, since, if left to stand long, the gummy particles separate, and the quality of the India rubber is hurt. This consists in subjecting the sap, when spread out thin, to the smoke from nuts of the Urucury or Ucuba palm, which, strange to say, is the only thing that will turn it solid at once. An earthenware "bowl without a bottom," whose neck has been drawn together like that of a bottle, forms a kind of chimney when placed over a pile of dry red-hot nuts so that the entire smoke escapes from the top in black clouds. The workman pours a small quantity of the white rich milk-like liquid over a kind of light wooden shovel which he turns with quickness, in order to separate the sap as much as possible. Then he passes it quickly through the dense smoke above the little chimney, turns it about several times and at once perceives the milk take on a grayish yellow color and turn solid. In this way he lays on skin after skin until the India rubber on each side is two or three centimetres thick and he considers the *plancha* done. It is then cut upon one side, peeled off the shovel and hung up to dry, since much water has got in between the layers, which should dry out if possible. The color of the plancha, which is at first a bright silver gray, becomes more and more yellow and at last turns into the brown caoutchouc as it is known in commerce. A good workman can finish in this way five or six pounds an hour. The thicker, the more even, and the freer from bubbles the whole mass is, so much the better is its quality and higher the price. —*Scribner for December.*

Selections.

It is far less difficult to act well than to suffer in silence.

Rather leave the ark to shake as it shall please God, than put unworthy hands to hold it up.—*Lord Bacon.*

The heart of a true Christian cannot open without letting escape gifts—frankincense and myrrh.—*Madame Swetchine.*

Happy are they who think seriously of the truths of religion; but far more happy are they who feel and love them.—*Fenelon.*

If we trace up things to their source, we shall soon find something else, beside the sovereignty of God, which hinders our being happy.

How many are prevented from entertaining the truth because it will expose them to the ridicule of their companions. They had rather endure the pangs of a wounded conscience, than the scoffs of the wicked.

It is an easy and vulgar thing to please the mob, and not a very arduous task to astonish them, but essentially to benefit and improve them is a work fraught with difficulty and teeming with danger.—*Colton.*

Let not your life be as a rocket, which suddenly illumines the heavens, but when it is gone makes the darkness all the more intense. Rather let it be as a light of a candle, though its rays be feeble, yet it makes light the pathway of men.

Keep continually busy and you will accomplish much." "No day without a line," and a large book is soon written. Martin Luther, when asked how, with all his cares and labors, he was able to find time to translate any part of the Bible, said, "I do a little every-day."

Now is the key note of Life's blessed psalm,
Which few can render with artistic skill
In whose immortal cadence dwells the charm
Of noble effort, blending with God's will!
All things are possible of which we dream:
Faith works her problems out to find them real;
Trust heaven for that which must remain unseen,
And lift up the soul unto its own ideal.

Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should come to years of discretion and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. "How so?" said he, "it is covered with weeds." "Oh," I replied, "that is because it has come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair to prejudice the soil toward roses and strawberries."—*Coleridge.*

The time is short; the more the reason, then
For filling it as full as it can hold
With thrills of beauty, yearnings for the truth,
And joys of love and labor manifold.

Then should it chance, as we would fain believe,
Life's glory waits us in some other sphere,
Its first great joy shall be we did not miss
God's meaning in the glory that is here.

—*John W. Chadwick.*

Science and Art.

The telephone is reported to be working with perfect success by the submarine cable between Dover and Calais, so that people in England and France can talk to each other as if face to face.

Incombustible paper may be made by mixing with the pulp a fluid obtained by adding to an aqueous solution containing 1¾ ounces of pure tallow soap, just enough alum to completely decompose the soap. The paper made thus requires no sizing.

A NEW CEMENT.—Mr. Emlen T. Littell, a New York Architect, sends to the "Journal of Architecture" the following formula, which he has successfully used in work requiring great strength: To one heaped bushel of mortar made in the usual way for brickwork, add 3½ quarts of iron scales, 1½ quarts of molasses; to be mixed in these proportions in quantity that can be used the same day.

TELEGRAPHY IN EUROPE.—Last year there was expended for telegrams in the countries of Europe $15,400,000, at an average of 32 cents per message. In this expenditure Great Britain led the list with nearly 43 per cent. of the whole; France came next with about 22 per cent.; Germany, 18 per cent.; no other country exceeded 4 per cent. The length of wires in Great Britain very slightly exceeds that of Germany, and is nearly a fourth more than France; in this particular, Switzerland takes the lead of the smaller European States.

DISPERSING CROWDS AT FIRES.—An ingenious, but simple, mechanical expedient has been adopted at Glasgow for scattering the crowd that usually assembles at a fire. Attached to the engine is a small hose, which is under charge of one of the firemen. He begins operations as if he were simply trying to water a small space around the engine, but he gradually enlarges the circle until the retreating crowd gives ample room. This clear space, thus attained, is kept open till the police arrive and form a cordon. Meanwhile, the other operations of the firemen are not impeded, as they had been formerly, during the precious moments at the beginning of a fire.

THE AGE OF WONDERS.—A large establishment has been opened in St. Louis for drying eggs, and is operated by hundreds of thousands of dozens. The eggs, after being carefully inspected by light, are thrown into an immense receptacle, where they are broken, and by centrifugal operation the white and yolk are separated from the shells, very much as liquid honey is taken from the comb. The liquid is then dried by heat by a patent process, and the dried article, which resembles brown sugar, is put in barrels, and is ready for transportation. The dried article has been taken twice across the equator in ships and then made into omelet, and compared with omelets made from fresh eggs in the same manner, and the best judges could not detect the difference between them. Is not this an age of wonders? Milk made solid; cider made solid; apple butter made into bricks. What next?—*Exchange.*

SOUNDINGS IN SWIFT CURRENTS.—A correspondent asks for information as to how correct sounds are obtained where the current is rapid; as, for instance between the Mississippi jetties, where it is reported at six miles per hour. Soundings in rapid currents are taken with a very heavy lead. After the boat is anchored, the lead is cast from the bow, the line is carried rapidly alongside, and the lead taken up at the stern. This requires some expertness; but, fortunately, currents of six miles per hour do not occur in very deep water. That this method may be made accurate will be seen from the fact that a sounding-lead will descend ten fathoms in three seconds, towing the line after it; in the same space of time a six-mile current will have run twenty-four feet. Sometimes the lead is carried up stream to the requisite distance in another boat. The depth is usually known approximately, so that the loose line and the station of the leadsman can be arranged beforehand.

ONE-MAN POWER.—In the *Manufacturer and Builder* we find an account of a mechanical device called "Bozerian's Barometer." It consists of a frame supporting a fly-wheel and pulley on an axis, with a crank between; on this crank a lever works, which is pushed down with one foot, upward with the other, also forward and backward with one or both hands. This lever also helps to steady the workman. The motion of the hands and arms serves to bring the crank over its centre, while the main power is produced by the man's weight, which he only lifts as if going up-stairs, but with less fatigue. A speed of 30 revolutions per minute can easily be obtained in this way, developing a power of 2,400 to 4,000 foot-pounds. In the accompanying article it is stated that "a man working for eight hours on a crank furnishes very nearly a million foot-pounds, or, on an average, 40 foot-pounds per second, or not more than 1-14th part of the conventional horse-power of 550 foot-pounds per second. It has also been found that if, instead of using the muscular power of his arms alone, a man uses his weight as on the wheel of a treadmill, he produces in eight hours a work of 1,728,000 foot-pounds, or 60 foot-pounds per second, or 1-9th part of a horse-power. It is therefore advantageous—and in this mechanical engineers agree—to let the work of a man consist in simply elevating his body in all cases where this is practicable to apply it to the production of the desired effect." It would seem that a "barometer" of this description could be used to great advantage where a small steam-power is needed, but cannot be afforded.

Personal.

Osman Pasha has been married fourteen times, and in all that time has lived at home only three months.

Mr. Froude is engaged collecting materials for his Life of Carlyle which Carlyle himself invited him to do.

Rev. Dr. Howard Malcom, long a respected and able minister of the Baptist Church, entered, on the 19th ult., on the 80th year of his age. His present residence is in this city.

Henry Ward Beecher naively says: "The reporters are good fellows, many of them are college-bred; but I must say that the reporters of the New York press are profoundly ignorant of theology."

Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, now 87 years old, has resigned the pastorate of St. George's Church, New York, which he has held since 1845. He retires on an annuity of $5,000, during his life. Rev. Mr. Williams, associate rector, is likely to be his successor.

M. Thiers' papers contain a colossal correspondence, besides four books in manuscript. One, the manuscript of which was sent abroad during the reign of Napoleon III., as a precautionary measure, contains explanations of many of the political events of the reign of Louis Philippe.

Ida Lewis, who is in delicate health, having never recovered from the exposure and nervous shock attendant upon her efforts to save drowning men, is at present living at the Lime Rock Lighthouse and attending to the light herself. A Newport correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says an effort will be made this winter to induce Congress to grant this girl a pension.

Books and Periodicals.

THROUGH A NEEDLE'S EYE. By Hesba Stretton, author of "Bede's Charity," "The King's Servants," "Brought Home," etc. Pp. 433. Price $1·50. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 751 Broadway. 1878.

A beautiful volume, the contents of which are worthy of the care the publishers have bestowed upon it. Those who have read the former works of this gifted author will have a high expectation which will not be disappointed in this one. The teachings are timely in these days when the disposition to acquire wealth at any sacrifice of principle and to depend upon it for happiness is so great.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 1756.—February 9, 1878. Contents: The Dutch in Java, *Fortnightly Review*; Erica, *Frau von Ingersleben*; Schools of Mind and Manners, *Blackwood's Magazine*; Will o' the Mill, *Cornhill Magazine*; The Death of Victor Emanuel, *Spectator*; The Vice of Talking Shop, *Examiner*; Baron Munchausen's Frozen Words, *Spectator*; Milk Supply, *Pall Mall Gazette*; Poetry: A Picture; Song of Arran; A Poet's Proem; Whittier. Published every Saturday by Littell & Gay, Boston.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D.D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

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Rev. J. M. TITZEL, } Synodical Editors.
Rev. E. E. HIGBEE, D. D., }

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see first page.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1878.

THE PAIN OF NOT GIVING.

Giving is not simply a stern duty, but a glorious privilege. So it is regarded by the best people, even though they stand in the mere plane of nature. The true man, who receives hospitality, loves to return it, and will not be satisfied to share common enjoyments, unless he can contribute towards defraying necessary expenses. Only those of the most hateful, selfish nature take advantage of the liberality of others. The greatest delicacy is manifested to those, who are in compliment, freed from what they expected to pay. If one gentleman buys a car ticket for another, he accompanies it with a manner, which shows that he is gratifying himself by doing it. This carries the force of an apology.

Thus much is prompted by the instincts of honor, that lay no claim to generosity. But it does not stop there. The liberal deviseth liberal things; and when inability not only breaks in upon past habit, but causes self-denial, there is a suffering, the poignancy of which none but the generous understand.

While thousands at this moment are finding excuses in the hardness of the times, for a withdrawal of contributions to benevolent objects, there are many who are distressed, because they are no longer able to give. The last class of people are all the more sensitive, because they feel that injustice may be done to them. Their souls shrink from the false imputation of penuriousness, and yet the very delicacy of their natures, may prevent them from making excuses, on the plea of misfortune or poverty.

DEATH OF THE POPE.

Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, Pope of Rome, under the title of Pius IX., died at the Vatican on the 7th inst., in the 86th year of his age. He was born in Sinigaglia, Central Italy, and from his infancy was subject to epileptic fits, which interfered with his studies, but did not prevent his natural talents from asserting themselves. In youth, he was noted for his dandy, semi-military dress, and was seldom seen without a cigar in his mouth; but afterwards he discarded the neat boot and clanking spur for the thick shoes and the black habit of a priest. His eloquence in the Sistine chapel attracted crowds. When he was yet young he was, by reason of his peculiar ability, sent as secretary of a politico-religious mission to Chili. After various promotions, he was elected in 1846, to succeed Gregory XVI. The proclamation of amnesty which followed his accession to the purple, and his known qualities as a prelate and civil administrator made him popular at home, but he found himself overwhelmed by the revolution of 1848, which reduced his temporal power to dependence upon foreign bayonets. The subsequent events of his reign are well known, and will make an epoch in the history of the papacy. Not only the quarrels into which he was thrust with the governments of Europe, by the advice of Antonelli, but the doctrinal decrees of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, and of the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, as well as some of the encyclical letters, to all of which just exceptions were taken by Protestants, will render his occupancy of the so-called Chair of St. Peter memorable, and have its effect upon subsequent history. Personally he is said to have been the most amiable of all the Popes. His successor has not yet been elected, but the college of cardinals is so largely Italian, that some one from Italy will be likely to be chosen.

DR. CROSBY'S TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

Dr. Howard Crosby has been doing wonders in New York city for the cause of temperance, by securing the enforcement of the laws against the indiscriminate sale of intoxicating drinks. He has been roundly abused for the stand he has taken on this subject, some extremists putting him down as a friend of intemperance, because his views do not accord with their own radical notions. But he bids fair to triumph over the grog-shops as well as men of the Dr. Fowler stamp, and his strong common sense will commend itself, when popular excitements have spent their force, and left zealots all the weaker for their past frenzy.

At first, Dr. Crosby's plan was thought to be impracticable, if not inefficient, and if it had been undertaken by a man of less character, it would perhaps have failed. But now good people are beginning to realize, that some things can be done as well as others, and that notwithstanding the apparent sway of intemperance and corruption, the moral force of New York city is stronger than the influence of rum. This better influence has been wonderfully developed of late, and will show its potency for good.

It appears, that the people of New York did not know until lately, how strong the old Excise law in that State was made, because, though still on the statute books, it was virtually a dead letter. Those who represent the liquor interest have recently awakened to the fact, that Dr. Crosby has a decided advantage over them. Just now they are making an effort to have all past enactments repealed, and there will be a tiger strife in the Legislature. In view of this, there was held lately a large meeting of the friends of temperance in Gotham, attended by the most prominent citizens, who resolved to do all in their power not only to prevent the repeal of the excise law, but to enforce it.

TOPICS FOR SERMONS.

It appears that the prominence given to the subject of eternal punishment of late, has drawn out nearly every minister in Chicago in defence of a doctrine that has been neglected for years. Each and every one has felt called upon to hasten to the point, at which attacks have been made on what affects the fundamental truths of Christianity. This is well enough, but the *Christian Intelligencer* remarks, that "if the churches had a regulation similar to that of the Reformed Church, making it a duty of every preacher to follow the order of the Catechism and present the whole system of Christian doctrine within every four years, no complaint would be made of the neglect of any vital and essential teachings of the Word of God, and tremendous occasional showers would be avoided." This remark of the *Intelligencer* was called forth by a correspondent of the *Presbyterian*, who wishes that the re-constructed preaching had been "more equally distributed through the year."

All right, only the Heidelberg Catechism does not distribute the subjects over *four* years. That prescription is a wonderful dilution which the old Palatines would hardly have sanctioned. It is a changed formula, weakened to meet the sentimental demands of those, who would not endure sound doctrine. The Heidelberg Catechism is constructed with a view of having all the "topics" presented in the course of *one* year, and it will be found before long, that it is not too much to treat of each in the course of a twelve-month. This is an argument in favor of the Church-year, upon which Van Oosterzee of Utrecht has given two excellent volumes, sadly unnoticed by any paper except our own. After all, notwithstanding the centripetal forces that are leading men out into the fields of barren unchurchliness, we are glad to notice a counteracting gravitation towards conservative truth. The *Intelligencer* says: "In the same paper we read: 'After all, the old Catechism has some attractions, at least in hands that know how to turn it to the light. So we thought when we saw the announcement, that the Senior Class of Lafayette College had requested President Cattell to continue his lectures on the Westminster Catechism as the Biblical exercise for the next term.'" To the above the *Intelligencer* adds: "If these lectures shall lead the members of the class, who may become ministers, to deliver a similar course to their charges, some churches at least will receive very, and in our judgment, the most valuable and intelligent service."

There is a sort of irony in this. It gives an intimation, that the Westminster Confession needs to be exhumed, and we are certain that unless its framers were knaves or fools, saying one thing and meaning another, the resuscitation will open the eyes of some people to what we have been contending for in years that are past. Upon the whole, we are encouraged to repeat our belief, that there is a conserving power in Christianity which will re-assert the truth in the end.

AN INTERESTING CASE OF CONVERSION FROM HEATHENISM.

As is known to our readers, the Rev. Oscar Lohr, a member of the New York Classis, has been, for a number of years, engaged in missionary work in India, under the auspices of the German Evangelical Missionary Society, whose headquarters are in New York. His labors have not been in vain. Quite a number have been induced, through the agency of the mission over which he presides, to forsake heathenism and embrace Christianity. In his work of love, he has also enjoyed the assistance of several converts from heathenism. One of the most prominent among these is Gauga Ram, a learned Hindoo, who has prepared an account of his conversion from heathenism to Christianity. It has been rendered into German, and is published in the February number of the "Missions Freund," the organ of the German Evangelical Missionary Society. As there are some points of special interest in his narrative, we here give them to our readers in an English dress.

As is customary with the Hindoos, he opens his narrative with a prayer, in which he recognizes the special grace of God through Jesus Christ, manifested in his conversion, and seeks the guidance of the divine Spirit in the narrative he is about to give, so that he may present the truth, and nothing but the truth.

He then refers to the wonderful provision God has made for the salvation of our perishing race in and through the Lord Jesus Christ, and to the means employed for the purpose of making known this salvation to lost and ruined sinners. He considers it a marvelous display of the grace of God, that one reared as he was, should be brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus; and proceeds to narrate the circumstances connected with his conversion from Hindooism to Christianity.

I was born, he says, in the town of Pragat, Hindoostan (Allahabad) in the year 1844, and was instructed until my twentieth year, in the Hindoo religion. One day, whilst I was at school, a conversation sprung up among the scholars, concerning the present condition of our holy religion. It was agreed, that the iron age had come upon us in all its power; for the Christians ridicule our holy Vedas and other writings, and say that our religion is made up wholly of lies. They affirm, that only Jesus Christ became man, to redeem sinners, and to spread abroad the true religion, He only being the Redeemer and Saviour of the world.

It is wrong in us to allow the holy Vedas to be thus ridiculed, and not to strive to check these doings of ungodly men. Come, let us defend our religion, and create an uproar. Accordingly, we went out to the Bazar, where the evangelists preach, and commenced a controversy with them, holding Christians to be our greatest enemies and arrant villains. For a long time, we continued these outrageous proceedings. After a year's disputation in this way, I began to reflect, and felt that the eternal pains of hell must be, indeed, most terrible, there also being no hope of eventual deliverance from them. I was filled with fear, lest I might be overtaken by its torments, and in order that I might overcome my fears, I gave myself up the more zealously to idol worship.

About this time I visited Jabbalpur, where I came into contact with the missionary Champion, who was preaching in the Bazar. Although I had begun to understand something of the great love of God to mankind, yet the hardness of my heart would not permit me to acknowledge it, and I continued to dispute with the missionaries. One day, the missionary invited me to visit him at his house. I asked him: How can I be certain, that the Hindoo religion is false, and the Christian religion true? To this question, the missionary responded with the greatest mildness, yet with firmness, so that I thought within myself, these missionaries must indeed be very pious people. He also told me, there were many questions in relation to the Christian religion, which even a child may put to a theologian, and he could not easily answer them. He gave me a book to read, entitled: *Mat Parikscha;* or the "Difference and Test of Religions," and said that it would answer all my objections.

According to his advice, I read the book carefully. Still I continued my disputations. But gradually, through daily intercourse with the missionary, my eyes began to open. A converted Mahomedan, also, named Maulwee, a learned man fully grounded in the truths of the Christian religion, instructed me every night in the word of God. This Maulwee is the person, who has become the renowned *Safdar-Alee.* He also prayed with me, and I daily made a little progress. Through fear of my relatives, however, I never made my position known to any one. I was advised to pray often alone. I was furnished with a little prayer-book, and with another work, Pilgrim's Progress, which was of great benefit to me. Through the perusal of the latter, my fear of man began gradually to disappear. The instructions of another missionary, Mr. Stuart, were also of great account to me. He often visited me at the school, over which I presided, and also at my house. But I was still harassed with the fear, lest I might accept the truth without walking in the way of truth, and in the end be made to wail in eternal torments. In the midst of this sorrow, I found no earthly comfort. I could only weep.

I could not sleep at night, and those around me, through scoffs and threats, and entreaty and weeping, made my situation exceedingly distressing. At this time, I often left the school over which I presided for an hour, and hurried out to a hill to weep and pray. Although I was most bitterly persecuted by my parents and brothers, I was still sustained by the Lord, so that I was able to bear it all, and found unspeakable comfort from intercourse with Christian brethren, to whom I became eventually so closely united in heart, that I offered myself for baptism, although my father burnt my books, and sought to imprison me in the house. The Lord helped me, and at the advice of the missionaries, I hid myself for two days prior to my baptism, so that, notwithstanding the most diligent search, my father failed to find me. I accordingly received the sacrament of baptism on the 28th of February, 1868, at the hands of the missionary Champion. The hope of my friends, to win me back to heathenism, was gone. They thrust me out of the family as one that was dead, but ceased further to persecute me. I found it also more easy to bear up in these circumstances than I had expected. For the Lord, whom I had found, richly recompensed me for all I had lost. Therefore, my oft-repeated prayer is: As the Lord pitied me, the most miserable and lost among sinners, so may He pity the Hindoos and Mahomedans, and manifesting towards them His compassion, which exceeds all understanding, make them also heirs of eternal life! F.

THE SUPPRESSION OF OBSCENE LITERATURE.

The Society for the Suppression of Vice has just held its annual meeting in New York city. Mr. Anthony Comstock, the Secretary, made a report, which set forth the work of the past year. This Mr. Comstock has been engaged for a long time in efforts to suppress the obscene literature that has been flooding the country through the mails. He has the sanction of the United States Government in this, and good men everywhere are encouraging him in his work. Last winter he came to Philadelphia and made some statements to pastors and prominent members of the churches, who were admitted to the hall upon the presentation of cards of invitation previously sent to them. Hon. John Welsh, now Minister to England, presided, and the leading address was made by Dr. John Hall, of New York, who thought it important to come here not only in endorsement of Mr. Comstock, but to bear his testimony against an evil that threatened to turn our land into a Sodom. The revelations there made were absolutely appalling, and we did not wonder that great care had been exercised in determining who should hear them. It was thought advisable too, that little should be said about the meeting by the Press at the time, as it might give a warning that would enable some offenders to escape from justice. Those who were silent then, however, for sufficient reasons, now feel it a duty to call attention to the general subject, and to utter a caution to those, whose children receive books, newspapers and cards, without the examination of parents and teachers.

No one knows the devilish ingenuity practised to get the names of children in schools and communities and to open negotiations with them for the dissemination of polluting literature in one form or another. And it is startling to find to what extent and with what success this trade has been carried on. Tons upon tons of matter, unfit to pass through the post-offices, had been seized and burned, before the time of the meeting in Philadelphia to which we have referred.

Yet the year that has since passed has, according to Mr. Comstock, been distinguished for the complaints that have come from common schools, colleges and seminaries, in regard to the distribution of obscene publications. Some of the boys' papers published in New York he pronounces a blot on civilization. The Union Pacific Agency of Ashland, Mass., was referred to at the late meeting, as having been extensively engaged in sending the vilest circulars to children through the mails. Mr. Comstock investigated it, and succeeded in arresting and convicting E. W. Jones, who had adopted five or six different aliases. It was proven, that from Jan. 1 to July 1, 1877, Jones had received, under all his aliases, 5,720 registered letters, of a total of 5,930 received at that post-office. From May, 1874, to May, 1877, Jones sent out 1,350,000 circulars. But he was only sentenced to a fine of $250, Judge Lowell holding that "Congress had nothing to do with the morals of the country, and that it is not much of an offence against the post-office, to send an obscene book; that the law was designed to protect the Post Office Department, and not the morals of the community."

The most serious drawback to the work in New York State seems to be the non-trial of cases, although prominent lawyers have volunteered to prosecute them free of charge.

Notes and Quotes.

The article of Dr. Theodore Appel on the "Star of the East," in the last number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, has been published in a separate form, and a limited number of copies of it may be had upon application to the author. It is an interesting discussion of the Star that guided the wise men to the Infant Saviour. Prof. Appel's acquaintance with astronomy has eminently fitted him to treat of the subject.

A man of Edgartown, Mass., according to the New York *Post*, offers a chro-

mo to any person of that place who will attend service every Sunday morning for the next six months. The *Golden Rule* does not know whether this is ahead of the times or behind the times, and asks, "How would it do to follow the example of the religious papers, and put the value of the chromos into the sermons?"

Last week the papers were filled with accounts of a miracle, which a Romish priest professed to have performed upon a consumptive woman at Mauch Chunk. Archbishop Wood has investigated the case, and pronounced it an unmitigated fraud. He has required the priests engaged in the matter, to read to their congregations, a letter exposing and condemning the transaction.

During the late excitement on the subject, some one ventured to assert that church debts were peculiar to Protestantism, but it appears that the Romanists are as much afflicted in that way as other people. Comparatively few of their edifices are free from incumberance. The Boston *Traveler* says: "We believe there are only two consecrated Catholic churches in this diocese, it being a rule of that Church not to consecrate a house of worship with a debt upon it. The only consecrated church in Boston is that of the Immaculate Conception."

Among the Exchanges.

We clip the following criticism from the *Christian Intelligencer*.

The *Churchman* in the course of a scornful reference to existing discussions about future retribution, represented the faith of i s sect as expressed in the words, "I believe in the life of the world to come." Had anybody else told us, that theology and exegesis had fallen to so low an ebb in the Episcopal Church that its doctrine of the Last Things was compressed into the brief utterance here given—no more than a North American Indian or a Fiji Islander could have said—we should have deemed it a slander; but of course an accredited organ of an ecclesiastical body must be supposed to know what the body holds. The following is the language of our contemporary: "The Calvinists and their sinister progeny, the Universalists, are fighting over again their old battle about future punishment, and the latter claim that the former are weakening in regard to their old dogmatism upon the subject, and that they themselves have gained a substantial victory. Of course Churchmen are not greatly interested in the matter. They abide in the old faith, "I believe in the life of the world to come.'"

The *Independent* has the following, which we quote, because we will certainly have occasion to refer to it hereafter.

To find out what the Savoy Confession means, one has to look at the history of theological language. This has been carefully brought out in a volume by Dr. C. P. Krauth, in reply to Dr Hodge on the Damnation of Infants. In this essay, Dr Krauth fully discusses the subject, showing by abundant citation, and by the congruity of doctrine, that the reprobation of some infants was believed, and had to be believed, on the Calvinistic system. Taking the history of its theological language, the Savoy Con ession implies (*a*) that there are elect infants and non-elect infants, which, indeed, all Calvinism maintains; (*b*) that infants of either class may die in infancy; (*c*) that elect infants, whether baptized or not, will be saved; (*d*) that non-elect infants, whether baptized or not, will be damned; (*e*) that birth of parents presumed to be elect, creates a favorable presumption, but no more, that their infants may be elect; (*f*) that the after-years of children of parents presumed to be elect, often prove that they were not elect; (*g*) that the death of infants, even of such parents, still less of others, is not proof of their election; (*h*) that in no case whatever, there is a certainty that any particular infant, dying in infancy, is saved; and (*i*) that many infants have, in fact, been damned, and may yet be damned. This is the relation in which the great Calvinistic divines put the question of infant damnation. So far from denying that it is a legitimate part of their system, they defend it as a divine element of their system, and treat the denial of it as heresy. All this is proved in Dr. Krauth's reply to Dr. Hodge, which neither Dr. Hodge nor anybody else has tried to contradict. They threw up the sponge.

The New York *Evangelist*, under the head of "Wandering from the Fold," says:

At a recent session of London Presbytery, Dr. V. M. White, of Kensington, gave notice of an important motion as follows: "That the Church Extension Committee of this Presbytery be instructed to address a letter to the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland and Ireland, viz: The Established, Free, and United Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, and the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, remonstrating strongly upon the very small number of the Scottish and Irish born Presbyterians settling in London who join the Presbyterian churches in the metropolis. The Committee is further instructed to put pointedly before the Churches to be addressed the serious injury done to religion in general and to Presbyterianism in particular, by the extensive desertion on the part of those referred to of principles so dearly bought, and for centuries in Scotland and elsewhere so highly prized, so nobly maintained, and so abundantly blessed; also the injustice done to those laymen in London who are working with so much liberality and good will, and with considerable success, for the revival of Presbyterianism in the metropolis, and to those ministers who, for the same object, have been induced to give up comfortable and independent settlements elsewhere and take charge of churches in London."

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

I was visited this evening by Rev. Professor Jacobs, D. D., of Pennsylvania College, who read a letter to me, he had received from Mrs. Louisa A. Kemper, of Cincinnati, Ohio. And as it contains several items of information, which I think would be interesting to your readers, and the members of our Church generally, I herewith send to you the contents of the letter, so far as they relate to our branch of the Reformation Church.

1. It speaks of a colony of Germans from the Palatinate, who came to this country, and located in Orange county, Virginia, in the year 1714, on certain lands of Governor Spottswood. They only remained in this locality until 1719, when they emigrated to Prince William county, and located at Germantown, the Germantown of the present Culpepper county. Here for a time, they endured great hardships But necessity is the mother of inventions. Here the shovel plough (not plow), was invented by John Kemper. The colony developed noble characters. The Kempers, the Fishbacks, etc. The late Governor Kemper of Virginia, and Dr. Kemper of Cincinnati, and many other noble men of the name in this country, are from this ancestry.

2. They were of the Reformed faith They did not bring their minister with them, but they soon had him to follow them That minister's name was Dr. Hager. He came not later than 1720. He was said to be of the German Calvinistic faith; that is the German Reformed, of course. He was a very learned man. But he was aged and soon died. After his death, the congregation, who had erected a house of worship, still kept up divine service, by public prayer, singing Psalms and Hymns; by reading the Scriptures and sermons. They were well furnished with books.

3. The third item of information I gather from this letter, is not so gratifying; yet it may teach us a valuable lesson. The descendants of these pious people are now in other Churches, the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Episcopalian. They are among their best members. That is somewhat humilating to us as a denomination. We have neglected our duty to that part of the Church. That, this fact teaches us. But it also teaches us another fact, I am confident it would be well for us to keep in mind, in our mission ary work. The fact is simply this: Other things being equal, those localities where our fathers had sown the good seed of the Gospel at an early day, are always more promising missionary ground, than the localities where this was not the case. For example: I spent the first four years of my ministry in parts of Huntingdon, Blair and Bedford counties of this State. An exploring missionary had been sent through those regions, and reported unfavorably. He said there was not enough of Reformed material in all those regions to justify the occupancy of the field. I differed from him, and backed up my opinion, by electing my poor self as missionary, evangelist, and bishop of that large territory. We organized and reorganized congregations and pastoral charges; arranged for building churches, etc., and received great praise. There was no trouble in gathering church members, and I confess that it is quite gratifying to my vanity, to think of myself as the father and apostle of the Waterstreet, Woodcock Valley (Father Fouse was my first student), Huntingdon and Martinsburg charges. And it is certainly gratifying to think of the good fruits the churches in those regions have produced. But what has been the secret of this success? The secret is this. Father Aurandt had sowed the good seed in all that country many years before. And though but few traces of his presence there could be seen when I commenced my labors; yet I felt all the time of our prosperity, that I was only gathering where another had ploughed the ground and sowed the seed.

For the same reason, I venture the prediction, that Culpepper county, Va., is a good field for missionary work; where our Church has once been favorably known, it will soon gain a hold upon the people again, if the minister or missionary be true to its life and spirit. The whole Valley of Virginia, I know is ripe for the harvest. And I here unite with Dr. Callender s often repeated request, that this promising field be not neglected.

Gettysburg, Pa., Feb. 2d, 1878. M. K.

ADDENDA.

Our correspondent will excuse us for adding a few words to his interesting communication, suggested by the historical reminiscences it contains.

Some twenty-five years ago, we received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Kemper, who was then connected with the paper, which was the predecessor of the present *Herald and Presbyter*, published at Cincinnati. In it he informed us, among other things, of the Reformed origin of his family, though, as far as our recollection serves, he made no reference to the Virginia colony here brought to light. The Kemper family at Cincinnati has been prominent in the Presbyterian church, and has done much for it. The present Lane Theological Seminary, in that place, owes much in its early history to the influence and support of this family. The experience of the Theological Institution of the Dutch Reformed Church at New Brunswick, N. J., is similar to that of our Presbyterian brethren in the aid it has derived from sources originally German Reformed. Mrs. Herzog, who built their Herzog Hall, and otherwise liberally remembered these institutions, was, in her early years, a member of the Reformed church on Race street in this city.

Reference is made to Germantown, in Virginia, which is here located in Culpepper county. We have some personal knowledge of this section of Virginia, but know of no place in it now known as Germantown. Schlatter, in his journal, in describing his missionary tour through Virginia in 1748, speaks of a church at New Germantown, which he visited, and to which he preached. He gives it also in h s arrangement of the churches in America into pastoral charges, as one of those composing the charge in Va., and of which he speaks as having been without a regular minister for many years. Dr. Harbaugh, in his "Life of Schlatter," finds it difficult to locate the church at New Germantown. His relative, who furnished him many of the facts he records in relation to the churches in Virginia visited by Schlatter, after leaving him at Strasburg and Woodstock in the Valley of Virginia, supp ses the New Germantown, which Schlatter visited and states to be forty-two miles over a dangerous and wearisome road southwest from Woodstock, to be New Market, which is only twenty miles from Woodstock, and that Schlatter must have been mistaken as to the distance between the two places. We are inclined to think, that Schlatter was correct in his statement as to distance, and that his New Germantown was not New Market, but the place referred to in the letter of Mrs. Kemper. This accounts also for the fact of Mr. Schlatter's being east of the Blue Ridge or South Mountain, on which side of it he returned through Prince William and Loudon counties to Frederick, Md. It would settle an interesting fact connected with this missionary tour of Schlatter, if the exact locality of the New Germantown he visited could be ascertained.

The Dr. Hager here spoken of as pastor of the congregation at an early day at Germantown may be the same Rev. John Frederick Haeger, of whom the single fact of his having officiated at the marriage of Conrad Weiser at Schoharie, New York, in 1720, is given in Harbaugh's "Lives of the Fathers." F.

IRREGULARITIES.

It is somewhat amusing to witness how readily some persons will find out the *irregularities* or faults of others, and yet, at the same time, fail to notice their own. As an illustration, we have the Report on the Committee on Minutes of Classes, as given in the printed Minutes of the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States. No less than eleven items of *irregularities* are there specified. And it must be candidly admitted, that all are obviously such, with the exception, perhaps of item 3, which makes the non-paging of the Minutes of Goshenhoppen and East Pennsylvania Classes an irregularity. Whilst every good Stated Clerk numbers the pages of the minutes of the body whose officer he is, just as a pamphlet or book is paged, yet it seems a little far-fetched to class non-paging as an irregularity in a Constitutional sense, technically considered, which signifies some infringement of the C nstitution, a violation of justice, an offence against propriety, or a neglect of duty.

It must be plain, that several of the irregularities specified, are the result of carelessness, or inattention, on the part of the Stated Clerks. Fault is not found, that the committee reported these *irregularities*, as given on page 10 of the Minutes. That part of the report we admire. It will have its force, in future, in making the Classes more careful in the transacting of their business, and the Stated Clerks in the getting up of their minutes.

Article 72 of the Constitut on directs the Committee on Minutes of Classes how to do its work—in what shape to present its report to the Synod. The committee, in this instance, was either ignorant of this direction, or most sadly ignored the instructions of said Article. Look at this clause in our Constitution for a moment, and then gaze at said report, and you have a fine specimen of *irregularity*—of a bungling report, in few words

It seems strange, that the Synod should adopt such a report, and not recommit it for correction in form. Every heading of the report with the special items under each is wrongly located or numbered, with the exception of the first. Now, perhaps, so far as truth is concerned, this would make very little difference in itself considered. But when the Constitution is so explicit, and not only gives the matter to be reported by the Committee, but also the number of items, and the exact order in which the Committee is ordered to report them, then the Committee is bound to obey, and has no discretionary power to bring in such a paper as the report referred to. It is a violation of the plain language of the Constitution, and hence an inexcusable irregularity itself. The Constitution declares: "The Report on the Minutes of Classes shall contain the following subjects in the order in which they are enumerated," and then lays down the order.

But, one suggests, why did not the Stated Clerk of the Synod correct the report, and put it into Constitutional shape, and proper order, before handing it to the printer? It is replied, that it was not the duty of the veteran Clerk of the Synod to do this. He had no right to make any such change in the report, without the direction of the Synod. It is not the prerogative of Stated Clerks to correct blunders of this kind. When a paper is once adopted, it must be printed as adopted, and cannot be changed, except by the Synod itself. It is no longer a nose of wax to be pinched into any shape or form. The venerable Stated Clerk, who understands his duties well, and performs them faithfully, had no option in the matter. He had to publish the report as it was put into his hands by his Synod. He is not blameworthy in the case. Stated Clerks in preparing their minutes for the printer, can only use the material furnished to them by the Synods, and, at best, can only correct, we think, errors in spelling, punctuation, etc., that are not discernible to the ear, as the reports are read before Synod.

Some of the reports, read before the Classes and the Synods, are gotten up in a dreadfully slip-shod manner; the reading of which does not exhibit the incorrect orthography and other mechanical defects. Some reports within the past year, have come under our observation, whose faults and imperfections were such as to be a disgrace to the college graduates that prepared them. Perhaps it would be well to print some of these reports just as they are rendered, so that their authors might be led to be more careful hereafter. About three fourths of the reports presented to the Classes and the Synods, are not such as would be calculated to reflect much credit upon those who submit them. Reports ought to be prepared with greater care and exactness, than is generally the case.

If the foregoing criticism shall cause improvement in the reports to the Classes next Spring, and to the Synods next autumn, our labors will not be regarded as in vain, but as abundantly compensated. FRANKLIN.

* The writer of this article is probably not aware that the Synod of the United States has specially enjoined it as a duty upon the Clerks of the Classes to number the pages of the minutes, and hence their failure to do so, is a plain neglect of duty, and comes properly under the head of irregularities, according to his own definition of the term. In this connection, we would take occasion to say, that, at the request of the Clerk of the East Pennsylvania Classis, we carefully examined the copy of the Minutes of the Classis he sent up to Synod, and found that he had really numbered the pages, as required, but that the figures were very small, and so near the upper edge, that they were completely hidden out of sight by the fold made by the clamps with which the leaves were fastened together. Hence the committee failed to see them. F.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Second church at Harrisburg, Pa., of which the Rev. G. W. Snyder is pastor, enjoyed an interesting communion season on the 27th of January. Services were held every evening during the previous week, except Saturday evening. The pastor was assisted by the Rev. W. H. H. Snyder of the First church, and the Rev. Wm. A. West, of the Westminster Presbyterian church, and a graduate of Marshall College. Seven persons were added to the church, all of whom, except one, are heads of families.

The pastor of the Macungie, Lehigh county, Pa., charge, Rev. Thos. N. Reber, reports, that the fall communions in the three congregations of his charge were marked by their usual interest. The weather was unpropitious when the communion was held at Salisbury; yet, the attendance was good. At Trexlertown a more than usual interest prevailed. As the weather was very pleasant, the attendance was large and the interest marked. Twenty-nine members of the catechumen class were confirmed in connection with the preparatory services, two being heads of families, one of whom, a father, having lost four children by death within the space of two weeks, the last of whom was buried only four weeks prior to the communion. At Macungie, the pastor was assisted by the Rev. T. C. Leinbach, of Womelsdorf, Pa, whose sermon on the occasion was well received and effective. The attendance was good, considering the condition of the weather. Seventy-five persons in all have been added to the church by confirmation and certificate during the present pastorate.

Rev. G. D. Gurley has resigned the pastorate of the Bloomsburg, Pa., charge, the resignation to go into effect on the 1st of April next.

During the last three years, the Rev. E. D. Miller served, in connection with the Shenandoah charge, St. Paul's congregation, in Catawissa Valley. In June last he removed within the bounds of this congregation, and bestowed all his time and attention to labors in the Valley. He here found an open field, and has succeeded in organizing two other congregations. At a recent special meeting of the East Susquehanna Classis, the three congregations were constituted a pastoral charge, to be known as the "Ringtown Charge." The congregations are small, but full of promise. The pastor has organized a catechetical class in each of them. They together embrace forty-five persons, nearly the one-half of whom are heads of families. The pastor has certainly great reason to be encouraged in his labors.

On the 19th of January, which was the 315th anniversary of the adoption of the Heidelberg Catechism, and the 42d anniversary of the pastor's birthday, the people of his charge, along with a number of persons of other denominations, made him a donation visit, which was a very pleasant and profitable occasion to all who participated in it, and resulted favorably for the pastor in the way of furnishing him with a quantity of dry goods, provisions for himself and family, and provender for his horse, and also some greenbacks. The visit was timely, and the result very acceptable to the pastor, for which he cherishes the most grateful feelings towards the kind donors.

The post-office address of the Rev. Eli Keller has been changed from Shimersville to Zionsville, Lehigh county, Pa., the latter being a new post-office recently authorized by the Post Office Department, and located immediately on the Perkiomen branch of the Reading Railroad.

Rev. Dr. E. E. Higbee, who had been elected to the pastorate of the First church, at Lancaster, Pa, has declined the call

At the recent communion in the Mifflinburg, Pa., congregation, of which the Rev. G. E. Addams is pastor, twenty-two persons were added to the church by confirmation, four of whom received adult baptism. Two hundred and fifty-three persons communed. The basket collection amounted to $27. The Harvest collection in September netted $137. Owing to the failure of the wheat crop, the people of this valley feel the burden of the panic most severely. The observance of the Christmas festival by the Sunday school was an interesting and profitable occasion.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC

The pastor of the Emmittsburg, Maryland, charge, the Rev. A R. Kremer, informs us, that the Christmas season was observed in his charge in an appropriate and most delightful manner. In connection with the late communions, fifteen persons were added to the two congregations, eight by confirmation and seven by certificate, all of whom, except one, are heads of families. The Emmittsburg people very kindly remembered the pastor and family in connection with the Christmas season. They presented them with a number of valuable gifts, among which were $55 in greenbacks which were given to the pastor's wife by the ladies of the congregation. It is scarcely necessary to add, that these gifts are duly appreciated by the recipients, and especially the spirit which prompted them.

WESTERN CHURCH.

Thirty-seven persons were added to the church at Liberty Centre, Ohio, Rev. A. E. Bieghly, pastor, in connection with a recent series of religious services, thirty-one by confirmation, five by certificate, and one by renewed profession.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered January 27th in St. Paul's church, Columbus Junction, Iowa, of the charge of which the Rev. G. M. Albright is pastor. A series of services preceded the communion. In connection with the occasion, nine persons were added to the church, six by confirmation and three by certificate. Four of the number are heads of families. Baptism was also administered to thirteen infants. The services were largely attended and full of interest. The members of the church made the pastor and his family a donation visit, which resulted in placing the latter in possession of much that will administer to their support and comfort.

The congregation at Cæsar Creek, Ohio, Rev. G. W. Smith, pastor, had an accession of thirteen to its membership, in connection with a recent communion, nine by confirmation and four by certificate,

Three persons were recently added to the Church of the Cross, Cincinnati, Ohio, by certificate.

The Licentiate D. J. Mease, of Sandusky, City, Ohio, was ordained on the 24th of January, to the work of the ministry, by a committee of Tiffin Classis. F.

Married.

On the 10th ult., at Dale, Berks Co., by the Rev. Eli Keller, Col. Wm. Trexler, of Longswamp, to Miss Amelia Schall, oldest daughter of the late Hon. David Schall.

In the Reformed church at Shepherdstown, W. Va., on the 31st of January, by the Rev. J. C. Bowman, Mr. Benjamin Hartzel, to Miss Lutie Baldwin, both of Shepherdstown.

On the 12th ult., at the Reformed parsonage, Riegelsville, Pa., by Rev. R. Leighton Gerhart, Mr. Theodore Moore, of Riegelsville, N. J., to Miss Sabina Rice, of Riegelsville, Pa.

On the 30th ult., in Trinity Reformed church, Mercersburg, Pa., by Rev. I. G. Brown, Rev. Wm. I. Stewart, of St. Thomas, to Miss Bettie R. Hurst, of Mercersburg, Pa

Obituaries.

DIED—At Mont Alto, Pa., Jan. 30th, Violet, daughter of Daniel and Ella Fahnestock, aged 9 months and 6 days.

DIED—On the 24th ult., at Zionsville, Lehigh Co., Pa., Elder Anthony Mechling, aged 59 years, 8 months and 23 days.

Mr. M. as a man and as a Christian was highly esteemed. The attendance at his funeral was very large. The services at the house were conducted by Rev. Rath, of the Lutheran church, and at the church and grave, by his pastor (Eli Keller) assisted by Rev. Reber, of the Reformed, and Rev. Schantz, of the Mennonite Church.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose
Unbroken by the last of foes."

Acknowledgments.

ORPHANS' HOME, BUTLER, PA.

Received from Josiah Kern, Sagertown, Pa, per Rev Jos H Apple	2 00
Mrs Josiah Kern, Sagertown, Pa, per Rev Jos H Apple	2 00
Miss Hattie Kern, Sagertown, Pa, por Rev Jos H Apple	2 00
Mrs M Bair, North Washington, per Rev H Bair	5 00
A friend Grace church, Pittsburg	1 00
St John's Ref S S, Wyoming, Del, per Kate K Brown	5 00
Jonathan Miller, Stoystown, per Rev W H Bates	5 00
Michael Zimmerman, Stoystown, per Rev W H Bates	1 00
Kate Watters, per Rev W H Bates	30
Alex Korns, per Rev W H Bates	25
J Zimmerman, 25c; W P Sipe, 25c; Albert Bell, 25c; per Rev W H Bates	75
Cash, " " "	3 15
Orbisonia Mission S S, per Rev J M Schick	5 00
Somerset charge, per Rev A E Troxel	28 00
Christmas offering, Zion's Valley S S, Rev J McConnell	6 00
Yeakle Xenophon McConnell, being 10 per cent. of his earnings for Benevolence	4 00
Peter Schreckengost, Kittanning, per Rev D S Dieffenbacher	1 00
D Pralich, Kittanning, per Rev D S Dieffenbacher	25
Young Men's Union of the Ref church, Lafayette Ind, per John Schultz	5 00
	$76 70

B. WOLFF, JR., Treasurer,
Craig St., Pittsburg.

HOME MISSIONS.

Rec per Rev Geo E Addams, Treas, from N Berlin chge	$13 25
Rev H Mosser, Treas from St John's ch, Lebanon, Dr Johnston, pastor, for Iowa	25 00
Rev J S Kieffer, Hagerstown, Md, chge	17 00
Chs Santee, from Christ's Ref ch, Phila	25 00
Rev W K Hofford, for Coll Miss, from Missy Society of S White Hall cong	25 00
Rev Dr Kieffer, for immediate relief, from Gettysb'g cong	10 00
Geo Z Kunkle, from Salem Ref S S, Hbg	25 00
Rev Wm M Deatrick, Treas, from Brick ch, Friend's Cove, Bedford Co, Pa	15 00
Rev S G Wagner, Treas E Pa Classis	232 01
T J Craig, Treas of Pittsburg Synod	33 70
A G Apple, Treas, for immediate relief, from Zion's chge, Crawford Co, Pa	11 33
Rev C Clever, Treas Lan Clas	32 00
Rev J T Rossiter, pastor 1st Ref ch, Bal, for Washington, D C Mission	30 00
Rev Isaac S Stahr, pastor St John's ch, Lock Haven charge	5 15
Chs Santee, Esq. from a friend of Missions, Montgomery Sta, Lycoming Co, Pa	25 00
W A Wilt, Treas, &c, for immediate relief, from Immanuel chge, Rev Zehring	16 00
Rev Jos H Apple, pastor of Saegertown charge, for immediate relief	12 15
	$552 59

WM. H. SEIBERT, Treas.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

Receipts During January.

From Mount Crawford Charge, per Rev H St J Rinker, Treas Virginia Classis	$34 00
Pleasant Hill church, per Rev E N Kremer, pastor	10 00
Shepherdstown charge, per Treasurer of Virginia Classis	25 00
Martinsburg charge, West Virginia, per ditto	18 35
Evangelical Reformed church, of Frederick, per Rev E R Eschbach, pastor	84 39
Mill Creek charge, per Treasurer of Virginia Classis	16 00
St Thomas charge, per Rev Wm I Stewart, pastor	12 25
Amount	$199 99

Mercersburg, Pa., February 1, 1878. } WM. M. DEATRICK, Treas. Board of Education.

PITTSBURG SYNOD.

Received from Westmoreland Classis	$170 00
Clarion Classis	90 00
Westmoreland Classis, receipts	179 07
St Paul's Classis	68 00
Clarion Classis	27 00
Somerset Classis, Ben E'd	65 00
Westmoreland Classis	68 00
Westmoreland Classis	60 00
Somerset Classis, Missions	33 70
Westmoreland Classis	125 00
Allegheny Classis	150 00
Clarion Classis	109 37
	$1145 14

J. T. CRAIG, Treas.
Pittsburgh Synod.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Received from Huntingdon Sunday-school, per Rev A G Dale	$8 37
Reformed S S, New Holland, Pa, per Rev D W Gerhard	6 82
Paradise S S, $2.30; John Piper, $5.00;	7 30
Rev J E Freeman, Weisport	2 00
Rev Dr F W Kremer, Lebanon S S	25 00
Rev Dr F W Kremer, Collected in Blair S S	3 00
	$52 49

J. T. CRAIG, Treasurer
Board Foreign Missions.

CHURCH EXTENSION.

Received per Rev G E Addams, Mifflinburg, Pa, for the use of Reformed church at Williamsport, Pa, Rev J F De Long, pastor	$24 56

GEO. GELBACH, Treasurer.

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

Received per Rev G E Addams, Treas of West Susquehanna Classis, from Selinsgrove, Rev W A Haas, pastor	$21 35

SAML. R. FISHER, Treas.

Youth's Department.

SAVIOUR, WHO DIDST FROM HEAVEN COME DOWN.

Saviour, who didst from heaven come down,
A little child awhile to be,
Whose precious blood and thorny crown
From death and sin have ransomed me.

Teach me, dear Saviour, some return
Of lowly service for Thy love,
Such as a thankful child may learn,
Such as Thy Spirit shall approve.

Young hearts, I hear them say, are claimed
For God's own altar by the word;
May I lay there my own, unblamed!
And wilt Thou lift it heavenward, Lord!

—*Count Zinzendorf.*

THE STORY OF A BRIGHT LIGHT.

Mother says perhaps if I told about it, and how I learned to remember about the wonderful bright Light the dear Lord Jesus Christ came to be in the dark, wicked world, that it might help some other little girl to remember. And I'd like to do that, because, though I was twelve last Summer, I'm always forgetting. But perhaps it's because I have to remember to help mother, and to look out that the children don't get into the water, and to hold the baby a good deal.

Father takes care of the light-house, and mother and all of us children live with him in the queer little stone house close up to the tall light. There is hardly any room at all for a garden around our house, or even sand for the children to dig in, on the rocks where the light-house stands. Sometimes in stormy weather we cannot see the shore where the town is at all, and then it's just like living all alone in a very small world of our own; but I don't like it very well.

It was Christmas day when I first began to think about the great Light. Father had promised to take us all, except mother and the new little baby, that doesn't even open its eyes much, over to church, if it was a pleasant day and not very rough. It was such a lovely day, with only just the slow, sleepy, long kind of waves all over the water, and we could hear the bells ringing long before we came to the shore. It was just before the commandments that Miss Annie sang, "A Light to lighten the Gentiles," and then, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great Light." I wanted very much to know what was coming next; because I thought perhaps she would tell why she was singing about the light-house on Christmas-day. I was sure that was what she meant when she said about the people's seeing a "a great light;" but Nannie slipped off from the foot-stool, then down on the bottom of the pew, and bumped her nose pretty hard; and Lilie was bouncing up and down on the seat—she was so sorry; so when I'd got them to behave again Miss Annie was done singing, and I had not heard what she meant.

After church we had dinner at grandma's, and after that we all went out into the field back of the house to get some flowers for mother.

How funny it must be 'way up in the North, where Miss Annie says Christmas comes in cold weather, and there are no leaves on the trees, or flowers; and how strange it would be to see anything but our beautiful myrtle and the palms in the church; but I suppose children are happy always wherever their father and mother are. So perhaps it's nice at the North for them as well as down here in Texas.

I'm the one that's standing up in the picture. Lilie is making a chain for mother, and Nannie is handing the flowers to her. Miss Annie made the picture that very afternoon; but we never knew anything about it until after the storm, when she sent it to mother, in a pretty frame, for her to look at when we had grown up, she said.

But I'm such a long time coming to my story. It was just the day after Christmas that Miss Annie's brother came over to the light-house for father to go after some wild ducks with him. They often went, and though father said he "didn't like the looks of the sky, and the wind was coming up," he would do anything for Miss Annie or her brother, and he got the boat ready. I heard him tell mother, just before he went away, to light the lamp early, for there was sure to be a fog, and the Galveston steamer was due.

The children were real cross all day, and somehow the baby cried a good deal. Mother was baking, and it did seem as if I never should get a chance to ask about the Light, and why Miss Annie sang about it; but by and by I did, in the afternoon, when the children were out of doors and the baby was asleep. And then she said, "It wasn't our lighthouse that Miss Annie meant, but the Lord Jesus." And then mother told me how that before He was born the world had been as dark, that means wicked, as the bay would be without the lamp in the light-house; that the Lord was our lamp, and that when He came into the world He showed everybody what was the right way, if they wanted to be good and go to heaven, just as our lamp shows the ships the channel where the water is deep and where the rocks are; and that if we mind Him, and go and do just as He wants to have us, there is never any danger that we will be lost in the darkness, which means sin. Christ suffered because He was made the Light of the world. Mother said, "To keep His light bright and shining, He had to suffer pain and sorrow, and at last a cruel death, that we might be saved;" and then she was going to say something else. But we both saw a boat coming towards the light-house, and a thick white fog creeping up over everything, and we wondered if father had come home because he saw it.

It wasn't father; but Uncle John, who lives with grandma. Grandma was sick, and wanted mother to come and stay with her.

"Yes; I'll go," mother said; "but I wish father was home. But he'll be here soon now, and I can light the lamp, it's getting so foggy."

So mother hurried, wrapped up the baby, told me what to give the children for supper, and after the lamp was lighted, got into Uncle John's boat with the baby.

"Elsie," she said, the very last thing, "take good care of the children. Your father will be home soon; but till he does come, watch the lamp."

The children were real good, and so tired that they wanted to go to bed right after supper. But I didn't want them to, because father hadn't come home when the clock struck seven, and then eight. But when they were all asleep, and the clock said almost nine, I knew that somebody had got to go up in the light-house and look at the lamp.

How the wind blew when I opened the light-house door! It almost put out the lantern, and screamed in the tower almost as loud as Nannie did sometimes. And then it was so dark, and the stairs were so steep; but I said, over and over, all the way up stairs, "The people that walked in darkness," and tried not to mind the long black shadows that walked on the wall after and all around me.

Oh how the wind blew up in the light! The spray had dashed so against the glass that I could hardly see out at all; but the lamp was shining steadily, and that helped me not to be afraid. I knew how to wind up the clock-work that kept the oil running into the lamp, and it wasn't quite so lonely when that was ticking away. But it wasn't nice a bit; and I was going down again when there was a crash, and some pieces of glass came flying in my face and all over me, and a poor dear bird fell dead on the floor. One of the windows was broken, the great bird had flown right against it, and the wind was coming in, making the great light waver about and act just as if it were going out.

Oh, if father had only been home then, he could do something, I knew; and if the light went out, some boats would be sure to get on the rocks.

There wasn't time to go down stairs for anything. The lamp would be out before I could come back again, and nobody but father and mother knew how to light it. So I stuffed the old piece of shawl I had over my head into the broken place, and until the wind blew it out the lamp would burn just as it ought to.

The only thing I could do was to hold it in; but, oh, it was real hard in a little while to do that, I was so sleepy; and taking hold of things in one way for a good while makes you tired. But somehow, to help me I guess, I thought of the dear Lord, and what mother had said about His suffering to show people the way! and then I thought that perhaps if I got tired trying to keep the lamp burning it would please Him, because it was trying to show people the way; and that helped really and truly, though I couldn't possibly help crying, because the wind made such a noise. But the hardest of all was to keep awake, and then I was glad that mother always wanted me to learn a verse every Sunday, so that I had a good many things to say over and over, till after such a long, long time I heard some one coming up the stairs; and when he got near enough, father called, "Elsie, are you there?"

Yes, I was there, and so was father, in a minute, wet and tired and cold, but safe and home again. And then he told me what a hard time he and Miss Annie's brother had; that they had been all night trying to reach home, and how if it had not been for the light they surely must have been wrecked on the rocks. Then, when father went for mother the next day, he heard that the Galveston steamer had passed the light in the night, and that was another reason for me to be glad about.

Miss Annie sent the picture, and said she was proud of me. Father called me his brave Elsie; but mother said:

"My little daughter will never forget, I know, what 'walking in darkness and seeing a great light' means."

And I never shall.—*Churchman.*

WHAT ARE YOU MADE OF?

Suppose your age to be fifteen years or thereabouts, we can can figure you out to a dot. You have 160 bones and 500 muscles; your blood weighs 25 pounds; your heart is 5 inches in length, ad 3 inches in diameter; it beats 70 time per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 10,000 times per day, and 36,722,300 times per year. At each of the pulstions of the heart, a little over 2 ounces of blood is thrown out of it, and each day it receives and discharges about 7 tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The entire surface of the air cells, supposing them to be spread out, is over 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds. When you are fully grown it will weigh about 8 ounces more. Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of one skin is about 17,900 square inches. Each square inch contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain-tile, one fourth of an inch long. All these tubes on the entire surface of your body, if put together, would make a length of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.—*Weekly Press.*

HOW THE FIRST EUROPEAN PORCELAIN WAS MADE.

"I suppose you have all heard of Dresden china," presently said Uncle Jack to the group of merry children around him.

"Oh, yes, sir!" cried Al. "Aunt Susie had a Dresden tea-pot that belonged to her grandmother, and she said the tea always tasted better out of it than from anything else."

"Well, here is an excellent French copy of an old Dresden figure. It is a pretty flower-girl. See how gracefully she reaches for a nosegay from her basket. I have seen bouquets of Dresden porcelain that you could hardly distinguish from real flowers," said Uncle Jack.

"You'd hardly think that such a beautiful thing was made from common earth," said Will.

"Nor is it," said his uncle. "This kind of china is made from a very fine and very rare clay, that for a long time was found only in China and the Corean islands; but about a hundred and sixty years ago a noted chemist of Meissen, in Saxony, named Bottcher, discovered a bed of it there, and manufactured the first true porcelain made in Europe," said Uncle Jack.

"Why couldn't they get the fine clay from China and make their porcelain anywhere," asked Will.

"Because the Chinese jealously kept all their clay to themselves," answered Uncle Jack.

"How did that man come to discover where the clay was, and if it was of the right kind?" asked Al.

"By a strange chance. According to the fashion of the time, men powdered their hair, using wheat-flour for the purpose. One day a neighbor of the chemist, in traveling an unfrequented part of the country, observed on his horse's hoofs some white sticky clay, and it occurred to him that this white clay, dried and powdered, would make an excellent and cheap substitute for wheat-flour as a hair powder. So he carried a little home with him, and some of it finally reached Bottcher. The chemist found it extremely heavy, and, fearing the presence of some metal hurtful to the skin, he tested the clay in his laboratory. To his surprise and joy this white hair powder proved itself possessed of the same qualities as the veritable Chinese *kaolin*, as their clay is called.—*Edwin C. Taylor, St. Nicholas for December.*

HUMAN NATURE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Two little children, five years old,
Marie the gentle, Charlie the bold;
Sweet and bright and quaintly wise,
Angels both in their mother's eyes.

But you, if you follow my verse, shall see
That they were as human, as human can be,
And had not yet learned the maturer art
Of hiding the "self" of the finite heart,

One day they found, in their romp and play,
Two little rabbits soft and gray—
Soft and gray, and just of a size,
As like each other as your two eyes.

All day long the children made love
To the dear little pets—their treasures-trove;
They kissed and hugged them until the night
Brought to the conies a glad respite.

Too much fondling doesn't agree
With the rabbit nature, as we shall see;
For ere the light of another day
Had chased the shadows of night away,

One little pet had gone to the shades,
Or, let us hope, to perennial glades,
Brighter and softer than any below—
A heaven where good little rabbits go.

The living and dead lay side by side,
And still alike as before one died;
And it chanced that the children came singly to view
The pets they had dreamed of all the night through.

First, came Charlie, and, with sad surprise,
Beheld the dead with streaming eyes;
Howe'er consolingly, he said,
"Poor little Marie—*her rabbit's dead!*"

Later came Marie, and stood aghast;
She kissed and caressed it, but at last
Found voice to say, while her young heart bled,
"I'm sorry for Charlie—*his rabbit's dead!*"

—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE GOOD SOLDIER.

There was a law existing among the Romans that no one should come to the emperor's tent in the night, on the pain of death. During a certain war, however, a solder dared to approach. He was seized at once, and taken away to be executed.

"I have a petition for the emperor," he cried.

"You have broken the law, and must die," was the reply.

News of the affair came to the emperor. "Bring the man to me," was his command; "if the petition be for himself, he shall die; if for another, he shall live."

Then it was found that the man had come to entreat that the lives of two fellow-soldiers might be spared, men who had been found asleep on watch. The emperor, delighted with the generosity that could thus risk life for another, forgave all three.

"What a nice emperor!" cried Harry.

"What a brave man!" added Tom.

"What would you think of those men if they had turned away heartlessly, and forgotten all about the soldier who had risked his life in their cause?"

"Think of them? Why, I should say they were the most ungrateful wretches, and that they richly deserved to be put to death!" cried Tom. "Yes, indeed! A dozen deaths wouldn't be too good for them," said Harry.

Yet a certain King left His home and friends to live among enemies, and in the end died a cruel death to save those same enemies. How would you expect them to feel toward Him? Who was this person?—*Child's World.*

WELL BUILT.

The engineer of the East River Bridge resided in New Jersey, and for three or four years was not able to leave his house on account of sickness. The structure was put up according to his plans, but he never saw it until last summer. When they brought him up the East River on a tug, and the great engineer caught his first view of the magnificent towers and the festoonery of wire, he exclaimed: "Oh! it looks just as I expected it would!" Happy that servant of Christ who on the day of judgment can behold the completed structure of his life, and exclaim: "Thanks be to God's grace! it looks just as I expected it would, and just as my Master taught me to build it!"

STEP BY STEP.

"Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far." "Nothing," says Mirabeau, "is impossible to a man who can and will. This is the only law of success." "Have you ever entered a cottage, or traveled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom," asked Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "and found that each of these men had a talent you have not, knew something you did not?" The most useless creature that yawned at a club, or idled in rags under the suns of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is not talent, but purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

Pleasantries.

Two souls with but a single thought: two ragamuffins climbing over an orchard-fence, with a fierce-eyed dog in pursuit.

The Bashi-Bazouks ride with such short stirrups they can wipe their noses on their knees without bending over.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

You can get a very good idea of "natural selection" in its practical workings by viewing a celery glass after it has been once around the table.

There was a reward offered for the recovery of "a large leather lady's traveling-bag." Latest dispatches incline to the belief that the large leather lady had not got it back.

A young American prima donna, who took lessons in Milan a few years ago, and returned to this country disgusted with the tyranny of Italian music teachers, has been engaged as a substitute for a steam-whistle in a Massachusetts boot factory.

Bridget—"Wot's the most genteel thing for a lady as is a lady to carry in the street, Nora?" Cook—"Sure, thin, some prefers a three-volume book; but I prefers a roll of music meself—quite careless and aisy like."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Bridget, evidently new to the mysteries of marketing, seeing a pet owl in front of a poulterer's stand in Washington Market yesterday, said to its owner, "What wad ye be askin' for that broad-faced goose?" "Goose? that's an owl," was the contemptuous reply. "Owld it is, you're sayin'? Sure it's meself that can bile the bird till it's tinder!"—*New York Tribune.*

A near-sighted and modest resident of Cazenovia, N. Y., entered a dry goods store in that village, and, thinking to perpetrate a joke, stepped up to the dummy on which new patterns of dresses and mantles are displayed, and struck it on the shoulder, saying: "Well, old woman how are you?" The old woman at once turned around, and not only answered his question, but volunteered a great deal of information besides.

THE ART OF LISTENING.

Persons who talk are always in danger of talking too much; the better they talk, the greater the danger. Nearly all men and women who have gained the reputation of eminent conversationalists have been little else than monologists, and monologue is as deadly a foe to conversation as incurable stupidity. We get tired, after a while, of hearing the most eloquent speech if it comes from one mouth, and we inwardly pray for what has been aptly called a few flashes of silence. How many brilliant people there are in society whom all their acquaintances fear on account of their gift of utterance! Everybody dreads to broach a topic, lest the sparkling talker should exhaust it and his hearers, and still be talking on. The passion for speech, like other passions, grows by indulgence, and at a certain stage of development becomes so morbid as to require neither sympathy nor response.

It is related of Macaulay that, having been introduced to, and driving a distance of six miles with a deaf and dumb man, he pronounced him, some days after, to be a gentleman of the soundest views on politics, with an admirable way of presenting them. Madame De Stael, as the story goes, was induced by a satirist to harangue a stuffed figure one evening in a darkened room for nearly two full hours, the satirist having assured her that the figure was a distinguished Bavarian who regarded her "Germany" as the greatest work that had appeared during the Empire. Questioned subsequently as to her opinion, she declared that his merit was wholly beyond his reputation, that his ideas were at once original, profound, and comprehensive, and that he expressed them with luminous clearness and particular elegance.

These anecdotes, if not facts, are true to human nature, and illustrate the advantage of listening, or seeming to listen. No doubt Macaulay and De Stael—so egotistic and dogmatic were they, so absorbed in themselves—would have been so enraptured by the sound of their own voices as to imagine their monologue conversation delightful, and the persons who had never interrupted them as fascinating companions. If the thing did not happen, it might have happened.

The art of listening is a delicate and difficult art, and one that is seldom practiced. It is delicate, because it demands, if not sympathy, a show of sympathy, and continuous attention as well as an air of interest. It is difficult, because self-assertion is natural, and a state of passiveness without manifestation of weariness is irksome to maintain. On account of its delicacy and difficulty, not less than from want of knowing how to manage it, is the art rare in society. The few listeners that understand listening are invariably liked, even admired, and not infrequently charm the talkers to whom they give ear. The nice listener is pretty sure to get a name for intellect, culture, wit, readiness—for any sort of quality, indeed, which he or she does not reveal, and may not possess. The person fond of talking usually endows the person who listens with whatever attributes he thinks he has himself; and his good opinion of the listener grows steadily, until sometimes it amounts to positive worship.

It is not enough to listen merely in a negative manner; for this appears like resignation, like silent suffering, like uncomplaining martyrdom, and, besides, may be mistaken for stupidity, which is fatal to the listener's hope and object. One may be as stupid as an owl in society, but his listeners must disguise his stupidity if they would be accepted; and, above all, never indicate or intimate to any body else that the speaker has any possibility of stupidity. We can be dullness and commonplace itself with impunity, provided we seem to think well of our acquaintances. We may be insignificant, and yet bear a reputation for individuality, cleverness, and character, so long as we assume prejudices in favor of our neighbors. And by listening patiently, earnestly, and pleasantly to whoever addresses us, even when we find nothing in the discourse that is new or entertaining, we may be certain of securing friends, since in so doing we silently compliment others, and repress whatever savors of egotism.

Our listening must be an art, in order to be effective; for, unless we make it an art, we shall often be tempted to betray boredom, and yield to the temptation. We must listen on principle, and try to be interested even when we are not. We shall be surprised at the result of such earnest and self-denying continuance. What may be artificial and disagreeable at first will become, after a while, natural and welcome. We shall discover in our acquaintances what we have never suspected—that mere humanity is a strong attraction when it is relieved of affectation, as it will be if we treat it generously and sympathetically. Hardly any body is absolutely dull or wholly devoid of charm if he be put at ease, and allowed to be his unrestrained self. And the real art of listening insures such conditions, and eventually begets a mutual interest which in the beginning may not be foreshadowed.

The art of listening is well worth cultivating. The bane of all society is egotism, which is so restless and exacting that it never pauses to see what mind and merit may lie behind the externally uninviting. The base of good society is benevolence, and the benevolence that prompts us to listen is ultimately remunerative in many ways. —*Harper's Bazar.*

BLESSEDNESS OF THIRST.

BY REV. WILLIAM ARNOT.

The spring has been opened, and it is flowing freely. The whole world may get life there as well as one man. All the fullness of Godhead bodily is treasured up in Christ. On one side all things are now ready. Here is the water of life, but where are the thirsty souls?

I saw a letter written by a young invalid, who had been sent to Madeira to escape the rigor of a Scottish winter. It glowed all over with the praises of the place; the climate, the landscape, the friends, the food—all were of the best. Even in the matter of health there was neither sickness nor pain. But one plaint, not loud but long, ran through the letter like its woof; the key-note of its melancholy cadence was, "I have no appetite. If the appetite should return, I would be well." The next mail brought intelligence that she was dead and buried. In the midst of plenty she died of want—a want not of food, but of hunger.

This is the ailment of which many souls are dying in the city and the land to-day. Wells of salvation are flowing, and overflowing, and flooding the land. The proclamation everywhere resounds, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." Yet many perish—perish for want of thirst. I know not any pleasure of sense more exquisite than a draught of cool, clear water, when you are thirsty; but few things are more insipid than water when there is no thirst. It is thus that Christ and His salvation are very sweet to one, and very tasteless to another.

TO WAIT AND TO HOPE.

I do not know a more beautiful sight on earth than a man who has served his Lord for many years, and who having grown gray in service, feels that in the order of nature he must soon be called home. He is rejoicing in the first-fruits of the Spirit which he has obtained; but he is panting after the Spirit which is guaranteed to him. I think I see him sitting on a jutting crag by the edge of Jordan, listening to the harpers on the other side, and waiting till the pitcher shall be broken at the fountain and the wheel at the cistern, and the spirit shall depart to God who gave it. A wife waiting for the husband's footsteps, a child waiting in the darkness of the night till its mother comes to give it the evening kiss, are portraits of our waiting. It is a pleasant and precious thing so to wait and so to hope.

A PARABLE OF DEATH.

"I asked him what he had done with the beautiful flowers which he had stolen from our earthly gardens; for he had done that thing to me, and I felt that I had a right to ask. But Death replied very calmly, 'You should not say stolen, for I am not a thief. There is one that owns all upon this broad, green earth, and He has a right to transplant them when and where He pleases. He sends me to your gardens.' 'But why,' I asked, 'do you snatch them so rudely, and leave hearts all torn and bleeding?' 'Alas!' replied Death, 'why will not mortals let them go?' Little children are paradise flowers, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.' But be the world ever so bleak and desolate, mortals would keep them here; so they bind them with cords lest they be taken away; and these cords are twined with their own heart-strings. How can I loosen the one without breaking the other?'"

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Arr. Carlisle,.....	9:00	2:35	6:15	10:10
" Chambersburg	10:30	4:00	6:45	P. M.
" Hagerstown...	11:30	5:00	P. M.	
" Martinsburg...	12:50	6:20		
DOWN TRAINS.	A.M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Martinsburg...		7:00		2:00
" Hagerstown....		8:25		3:25
" Chambersburg		9:30	1:00	4:33
" Carlisle.....	6:00	10:55	2:20	6:00
Arr. Harrisburg.....	7:00	11:55	3:20	7:00
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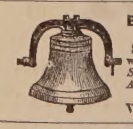

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General News.

HOME.

A terrible cyclone struck the city of Atlanta, Georgia, on the evening of the 7th instant, and did damage to the amount of $50,000. Houses were lifted from their foundations, and dashed to atoms. Several lives were lost.

A dispatch, dated Fort Benton, February 5 h, has been received in Washington, containing detailed accounts of a visit of Sitting Bull's Sioux over the border, and their attempt to form a confederation to attack the whites.

The conviction of Anderson of Louisiana, charged with fraud, it has said, will involve the validity of the decisions of the Electoral Commission. This is perhaps mere sensationalism, and no serious attempt will be made to question the President's title to office.

Vice President Wheeler and Speaker Randall are strictly enforcing the rule forbidding the sale of liquors in the Capitol restaurants. Until Thursday, beer could be obtained on the Senate side, but even this is now prohibited by the Vice President.

FOREIGN.

A Shanghai telegram, of last week, says that an asylum for women and children, at the City of Tien-Tsin, has been burned. Over 2,000 persons perished in the fire. Tien Tsin is a city of about 500,000 people, sixty five miles southeast of Pekin. It is at the junction of the River Pieho, with the Grand Canal, and serves as the port of Peking.

Pius IX., Pope of Rome, died at 3 o'clock, on the 7th inst. A conclave of the Cardinals has been called to elect his successor. Cardinals Bilio, Pecci, and Dipietro, are to govern the Church, pending the election of a Pontiff

Rome, Feb. 8th —Prince Chigi, marshal of the conclave, has assumed his functions and given orders for the customary walling up of the doors of communication, and the removal of persons now living on the same floor on which the conclave assembles. The cardinals have already been informed of the meeting of the conclave The French cardinals are expected to reach here to-morrow, and the Austrian and Spanish cardinals on Sunday and Monday. Nothing has yet been decided regarding the remains lying in state. The Cardinal Vicar's announcement of the death of the Pope says his funeral will be celebrated at St. Peter's Cathedral, and orders prayers for the deceased. The congregation of cardinals to-day heard the late Pope s last wishes relative to the conclave and his funeral. All the church bells in Rome are tolling. Funeral services will be held in all the churches, but the one at St Peter's Cathedral is expected to be very imposing. The remains are to be temporarily deposited in the Choir Chapel of Saint Peter's and finally buried in the Crypt The conclave will decide whether the funeral shall be public or private. The Pope's last act was to provide for the continuance of his servants' salaries and the pensions of their widows.

Lisbon, Feb. 8th —The Portuguese government, which enjoys a right of vote in a Papal election, is endeavoring, in accord with other Catholic powers, to obtain the election of a Pope who will put an end to the conflict between Church and State.

Germany refrains from interference until the new Pope is elected, after which she may take action. If a moderate Pope is chosen, she may make overtures for an understanding

Rome, February 9th.—The newspapers narrate circumstantially a stormy and acrimonious scene at Friday's congregation of the cardinals, Cardinal Manning, at the head of the extremists, wishing the conclave to meet at Malta. Even the word schism was uttered. Later accounts concur that the minority against holding the conclave at Rome is insignificant.

London, Feb. 8.—The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* commenting on the Russian occupation of the defensive lines of Constantinople says: "The mystery which still envelops the conditions of the armistice leaves plenty of room for further surprises. Thus it looks very much as if evacuation of the Danube fortresses by the Turks will turn out to mean occupation by the Russians. These surprises seem to be bad preparations for the Conference."

It is likely that affairs in the East will be complicated by English interference. Part of the fleet has already been ordered to Constantinople. It is said by the members of the Cabinet, that this is not with hostile intents against Russia, but for the protection of British subjects. No one outside of England seems to see the necessity for this, and the movement is looked upon as a preparation to take the lion's share of the spoils. The House of Commons has voted $6,000,000 to meet contingencies that may arise. The English people are greatly excited on this subject, and in their frenzy, have stoned the house of Gladstone, who is not satisfied with the justice of the governmental policy, and has been opposing it.

Despatches to the Associated Press bearing date February 10th and 11th, show that everything is in a critical condition, and that the smallest mistake in statemanship may involve all Europe in war. Russia is on the watch, and will be governed by events. The sending of the British fleet to the Bosphorus, it is said restores Russia liberty of action. If the Porte admits men-of-war, it gives Russia the right to march to Constantinople. The vessels of all powers may be treated alike, and much depends upon which of the nations is quickest in telegraphing to the seat of war.

LETTER LIST.

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Beaver, C N, Boone, A M, Beatty, D F, Beard, J R, Boyer, F R, Brown, J W.

Crum, Jons, Christian World, Clouser, Rev W W.

Detrich, L, Dieffenbacher, Rev C R, Dechant, Rev G B, Diefenderfer, Rev M H, (2).

Evan, Rev L K, Evans, J W.

Fuendeling, Rev J, Fisher, Philip, Feather, Sarah, Fisher, J B.

German, E S, Gerhard, Rev C S, Griffith, Lizzie, Gerhard, Rev D W, (2) Guth, A J, Gerhart, Rev Dr E V, Grob, Rev W H, Gough, Rev J S, Gurley, Rev G D.

Hoffmeier, Rev H W, Hill, Mrs Louisa, Heller, A A, Hacker, T J, Henne, Emma, Harr, Jonas, Huber, Rev S M K, Hoffmeier, Rev T F, Harcourt, Rev R, Haas, Rev W A, Hoffman, Rev H, Hager, John, Hartman, Rev J H, Heberlig, Adam, Heyser, Jacob, Hoskins, Geo, Hottenstein, Esq, A S, Heilman, Jacob.

Johnson, Rev J O, (2).

Koplin, Rev A B, Kline, N L, Koch, W H, Kremer, Rev Dr F W, Kremer & Durbin, Kretzing, Rev J, (2), Kremer, Rev Dr A H, King, W G, Kendig, Rev J M, Kindt, Stephen, Kremer, Rev A R, Keller, Rev E.

Laubach, Robt, Leich, A S, Leonard, Rev G H, Loose, Rev N H. Landis, Rev W M, Lowe, D P, Lauffer, J D, Lackins, J W, Landis, P M, Lewis, A K, Lentz, H.

Markley, Jacob, Meyer, J S, Meyer, J A, Miller, Jere, (2), Miller, D, (3), Miller, Rev Dr J O, (2), Morgan, G F, Miller, Rev E D, (3), Mease, Rev Dr S, Messinger, T J.

Noss, Rev J W, Nagle, J C.

Ogier, W H.

Pellman, D H, Peters, Miss L M, Pilgram, Rev F, Peters, Rev J A, (2).

Rincke, John, Rupp, Rev W, Riegel, J A, Rodenmeyer, T Francis, Rodenmayer, John, Ruhl, Rev J, Riegel, J Allen.

Schweitzer, Thos, Shoemaker, Rev D O, Swander, Rev J I, Swinehart, W, Stoner, A M, Schuck, G D, Skyles, Rev N H, (2), Stem, Rev T O, Sipe, T. Strassburger, Rev N S, Snyder, A M K, Snyder, J T, Shulenberger, Rev A, Smith, S S.

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Yeich, W R, (2), Yearick, Rev Z A, Yohn, W.

Zehring, Rev J D, Zollinger, John, Zieber, Rev Dr W K.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Feb. 9th, 1878.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]

Flour.	Wheat, Superfine	$4 25@4.50
	" Extra Family	5.50@5.75
	" Fancy	6.12½@6.75
	Rye	3.35@3.50
	Corn meal	2.80@3.00
	Buckwheat meal	1.70@2.25
Grain.	Wheat, White	1.38@1.40
	" Red	1.31@1.33
	Rye	68@70
	Corn, Yellow	53@54½
	" White	51@53
	Oats	35@37
	Barley	85@1.00
Groceries.	Sugar, Cuba	7⅞@7⅞
	" Refined cut loaf	10½@10½
	" " crushed	10@10½
	" " powdered	9⅞@10
	" " granulated	9⅞@9⅞
	" " A	9⅛@10
	Coffee, Rio gold	13@18
	" Maracaibo gold	17½@18½
	" Laguayra gold	16½@18½
	" Java gold	22½@23
Provisions.	Mess Pork	12 00@12.25
	Dried Beef	13@14
	Sugar cured Hams	9@10
	Lard	7@7½
	Butter, Roll extra	20@22
	Butter, Roll Common	17@19
	Prints, extra	35@40
	" " Common	31@34
	" Grease	5@7
	Eggs	16@17
Seeds.	Clover	8.00@8 50
	Timothy	1.45@1.48
	Flax	1.45@1.50
Plaster.	White	3.00@3.25
	Blue	2.57@3.00

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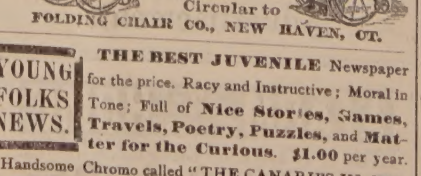

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